

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume X. }

No. 1608.—April 3, 1875.

{ From Beginning
{ Vol. CXXV.

CONTENTS.

I. LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE. By W. R. Greg,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	3
II. ALICE LORRAINE. A Tale of the South Downs. By the author of "The Maid of Sker." Part XIX.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	12
III. EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY. By Thomas Carlyle. Part IV.,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	22
IV. MISS ANGEL. By Miss Thackeray. Part III.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	33
V. THE SIEGE OF FLORENCE,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	46
VI. GERMAN HOME LIFE. By a Lady. Part III.,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	55
VII. THE BIRTH OF A REPUBLIC,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	62
POETRY.			
GOOD-NIGHT,	2 VALENTINE VERSES,	2
IN BONDAGE,	2 THE HUT,	2
MISCELLANY,			64

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

GOOD-NIGHT.

If I could only lay me down to rest,
 Crossing my weary hands upon my breast,
 And shut my troubled eyes without a fear,
 Knowing that they would never open here —
 How blissful it must be, both worlds in sight,
 To say my tired good-night.

If only, from the fretting cares of Time,
 To truths eternal I at once may climb,
 No longer count the graves whereon I tread,
 But in one moment be all comforted —
 If such could be, what joy, in upward flight,
 To sing my tired good-night.

I watch the sweetest flowers throughout the
 morn,
 I look, and lo! at noontide they are gone;
 The wings of sorrow are forever spread;
 I weep, but weeping brings not back my
 dead.

If God would but reveal the breaking light,
 How sweet to say good-night.

This flooding tide of yearnings will not cease;
 I cannot reach to touch the lips of Peace;
 Nor can I gather to my sobbing heart
 The white-winged angels God has set apart,
 Yet haply I may find them *all* in sight
 After some tired good-night.

What wonder, then, that I should long to rest,
 Crossing my weary hands upon my breast;
 To shut my troubled eyes without a fear,
 Knowing that they would never open here;
 To say to earth, with heaven alone in sight,
 My rapturous good-night.
 Portsmouth Journal. "C. E. W."

IN BONDAGE.

DUMB hearts that have not known Love's
 bliss or bane,
 Nor guessed what it may mean, yet yearning
 stand
 Touching the border of the unknown land,
 Hearing the silence stirred by that sweet
 strain
 Of which their sad and prisoned souls are
 fain;
 These, with wan faces, waiting the com-
 mand,
 Whose sound shall never break upon that
 strand,

Where, with the wind's breath, through the
 driven rain
 Come memories of a life that was not theirs;
 Vexed ghosts of hope, with cries unwearying,
 Chilled with the darkness of unanswered
 prayers,
 Worn with long watching through a youthless
 spring
 By love and light forgotten. Shall these
 come
 At last to God's peace and Love's perfect
 home?
 Good Words. C. BROOKE.

VALENTINE VERSES.

I SEND a sign of love; the shower sends
 The breeze before it, whispering, "He is
 coming!"
 And the glad field her leaves and flowers
 bends,
 And hushes all her myriad insects' humming.

I send a sign of love; the morning sends
 A rosy cloud, his mounted messenger;
 And the glad earth in ecstasy attends,
 Sure now her love himself will come to her.

O fairer than the field, than the whole earth,
 Would that thy lover's coming in thy sight
 Were as the rain-cloud to a land of dearth,
 Were as the morning to a world of night!
 Spectator. F. W. B.

THE HUT.

FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

UNDER thick trees, about it swaying,
 A humped-backed hovel crouches low;
 The roof-tree bends — the walls are fraying,
 And on the threshold mosses grow.

Each window-pane is masked by shutters,
 Still, as around the mouth in frost
 The warm breath rises up and flutters,
 Life lingers here — not wholly lost.

One curl of silver smoke is twining
 Its pale threads with the silent air,
 To tell God that there yet is shining
 A soul-spark in that ruined lair.
 Cornhill Magazine. F. H. DOYLE.

From The Contemporary Review.
LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

BY W. R. GREG.

I AM only too conscious that I can offer little fitted to occupy the time, or to command the interest of an audience * accustomed to be fed on the cream of experimental science, and the inexhaustible wonders of the organic world,—equally conscious that I have nothing original or remarkable to say, even on the subject I propose to treat;—still it may afford something of the refreshment of variety at least to look for a while upon a few of the more peculiar features of the life we are ourselves leading in this age of stir and change; upon some of the probable issues of that hurried and high-pressure existence, and upon the question, not less momentous than individually interesting, how far its actuality corresponds, or could be made to correspond, with the ideal we, many of us, in our higher moments are prone to picture.

It is well in all careers to get occasionally outside of ourselves, to take stock of our acquisitions and their inherent value; to pause in the race, not only to measure our progress, but carefully to scrutinize our direction; and the more breathless the race, the more essential, as assuredly the more difficult and perhaps the more unwelcome, does this scrutiny become.

I. Beyond doubt, the most salient characteristic of life in this latter portion of the 19th century is its SPEED,—what we may call its hurry, the rate at which we move, the high-pressure at which we work;—and the question to be considered is, first, whether this rapid rate is in itself a good; and, next, whether it is worth the price we pay for it—a price rarely reckoned up, and not very easy thoroughly to ascertain. Unquestionably, life seems fuller and longer for this speed—is it truly *richer* and more effective? No doubt we can do more in our seventy years for the pace at which we travel; but are the extra things we do always

worth doing? No doubt, we can *do* more; but is “doing” everything, and “being” nothing?

The first point to notice is, that we have got into a habit of valuing speed *as* speed, with little reference to the objects sought by rapid locomotion, or the use to which we put the time so gained. We are growing feverishly impatient in *temperament*. There is nothing to wonder at in this, however much there may be to regret, when we reflect that all the improvement in the rate of travelling achieved by the human race in its orthodox six thousand years of existence has been achieved in our own lifetime—that is, in the last fifty years.

Nimrod and Noah travelled just in the same way, and just at the same rate, as Thomas Assheton Smith and Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. The chariots of the Olympic games went just as fast as the chariots that conveyed our nobles to the Derby

In our hot youth, when George the Third was King.

When Abraham wished to send a message to Lot, he despatched a man on horseback, who galloped twelve miles an hour. When our fathers wanted to send a message to their nephews, they could do no better, and go no quicker. When we were young, if we wished to travel from London to Edinburgh, we thought ourselves lucky if we could average eight miles an hour,—just as Robert Bruce might have done. Now, in our old age, we feel ourselves aggrieved if we do not average thirty miles. Everything that has been done in this line since the world began,—everything perhaps that the capacities of matter and the conditions of the human frame will ever allow to be done—has been done since we were boys. The same at sea. Probably, when the wind was favourable, Ulysses, who was a bold and skilful navigator, sailed as fast as a Dutch merchantman of the year 1800, nearly as fast at times as an American yacht or clipper of our father's day. Now we steam fifteen miles an hour with wonderful regularity, in spite of wind and tide;—nor is it likely that we shall ever be able to go much faster. But the progress in the means of communication is the most remarkable of all. In this respect, Mr. Pitt was no better off than Pericles or Agamemnon. If Ruth had wished to write to Naomi, or David to send a word of love to Jonathan when he was a hundred miles away, they could not possibly

* The substance of this paper was delivered, as a lecture, at the Royal Institution, February 12th.

have done it under twelve *hours*. Nor could we to our friends fifty years ago. In 1875, the humblest citizen of Great Britain can send such a message, not a hundred miles, but a thousand, in twelve *minutes*.*

Our love of and our pride in rapidity of movement, therefore, are under the circumstances natural enough, but they are not rational sentiments; nor are they healthy symptoms, for they grow daily with what they feed on; and national competition, especially transatlantic competition, stimulates them year by year. Mr. Arnold writes:—

Your middle-class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it nothing that the trains only carry him from a dismal illiberal life at Islington to a dismal illiberal life at Camberwell; and that the letters only tell him that such is the life there.

It is impossible to state more tersely (or more tartly) our indictment against the spirit of the age. But I should like to give one striking illustration of my meaning; it is Baron Hubner's account of his voyage across the Atlantic, where, in order to arrive forty-eight hours sooner, the steamers encounter dangers fitted to appal the stoutest heart:—

We saw a beautiful *aurora borealis*, and this morning, what was still more striking, a huge iceberg. It was sailing along about a mile ahead of us. Brilliantly white, with greenish rents here and there, and ending in two sharp peaks, this great mass of ice rolled heavily in the swell, while the waves beat furiously against its steep, shining sides. A sort of dull rumbling sound, like low thunder, is heard, in spite of all the noise of the engines. . . . By a lucky chance, the weather is quite clear. But if we had come in for a fog, which is the rule at this season, and had then struck against this floating mass of ice, which took so little trouble to get out of our way, what then? "Oh," answers the captain, "*in two minutes we should have gone down*"—and that is the unpleasant side of these voyages. This is the third time that I have crossed the

Atlantic in the space of ten months, and almost invariably the sky has been as leaden as the fog was thick. In consequence, it is impossible to take the meridian; for there is neither sun nor horizon. . . . If, instead of going so far north, by way of shortening the voyage, they were to follow a southerly course, they would meet with far less ice and no fogs, and the danger would be ever so much lessened; there would be no risk of striking against icebergs, nor of disappearing altogether, nor of sinking the fishermen's boats, which are so numerous on those banks. In vain the alarm-whistle, that useful but aggravating little instrument, blows its hoarse and lugubrious sound minute after minute; it cannot prevent every accident; and they are far more numerous than people imagine. If they succeed in saving a man belonging to the ship, or in finding out the number of the unhappy boat which has sunk, the captain sends in his report, and the company pays an indemnity. But if the accident should happen in the dead of night, and every soul on board has gone down with the boat, it is impossible to verify the name of the owners: the great leviathan has simply passed over it, and all is said and done. Companies are bad philanthropists: besides, they have to race one another in speed. Each departure from Queenstown or New York is registered in the newspapers with the utmost exactness; and the same with the arrivals. Hence this frantic race to arrive first. In England, public opinion has more than once exclaimed against this system, and the *Times* has not disdained to give publicity to these complaints with all the weight of its authority. If they would follow a more southerly course (to the south of the 42nd degree), the passage would certainly be slower by two or three days, but the security would be doubled. The loss of time would be more than compensated by the comparative absence of danger. To effect such a change, however, all the companies must agree (which, unfortunately, they have not yet done) to give up the northern route. . . . Last year, during the month of July, I was on board the "*Scotia*," one of Cunard's finest ships. Although we were in the height of summer, we had only seen the sun once, and that for a few seconds, from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook. An impenetrable fog shrouded the banks of Newfoundland. In the middle of the day it was almost as dark as night. Even standing on the middle of the deck it was almost impossible to distinguish the four watchmen on the lookout. Every moment, as the air seemed to thicken, the thermometer pointed to a sud-

* "Realizable Ideals."—Enigmas of Life, pp. 38, 39.

den increase of cold in the temperature of the sea. Evidently there were icebergs ahead. But where? That was the question. What surprised me was, that the speed was not slackened. But they told me that the ship would obey the helm only in proportion to her speed. To avoid the iceberg, it is not enough to see it, but to see it in time to tack about, which supposes a certain docility in the ship, depending on her speed. . . . One of the officers gave me a helping hand. "Look," he exclaimed, "at that yellow curtain before us. If there's an iceberg behind, and those lynx-eyed fellows find it out at half a mile off — that is, two minutes before we should run against it — we shall just have time to tack, and THEN *all will be right.*" *

* As a marvellous contrast, and almost a refreshment, after these delineations of reckless rush and haste, I should like to quote the answer of the Mussulman governor of a Mesopotamian city to Mr. Layard, who had applied to him for some statistical information relative to the province in which he had long dwelt as a man in authority. The Turk replies with the following dignified and affectionate rebuke:—

"My illustrious friend, and joy of my liver!

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and another stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace.

"Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one, and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God!) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understanding? God forbid!

"Listen, oh my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves to Him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of His creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail cometh and goeth in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will direct and guide it.

"But thou wilt say unto me, stand aside, oh man! for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defy it. Will much knowledge create thee a double stomach, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

Now, the physical consequences of this needless haste and hurry — this double-quick time on all the pathways of our daily life — are, I believe, serious enough; but the moral consequences are probably graver still, though both sets of effects are as yet only in their infancy, and will take a generation or two fully to develop; and when they are thus developed so as to be recognized by the mind of the nation, the mischief may be past remedy. To us they are only "rocks ahead:" — but they are rocks on which our grandchildren may make shipwreck of much that is most valuable in the cargo of existence, may spoil the voyage even if they do not shorten it. The rapidity of railway travelling, I believe observant physicians tell us, produces a kind of chronic disturbance in the nervous system of those who use it much — a disturbance often obviously mischievous in the more sensitive organizations, distinctly perceptible even in harder frames. The anxiety to be in time, the hurrying pace — often the running to catch trains (which are punctual in starting, whatever they may be in arriving) — cause a daily wear and tear, as well as accelerated action of the heart, of which, in a few months or years, most of us become unpleasantly conscious, and which, as we all know, sometimes have a fatal and sudden termination (I know three such instances in my own small acquaintance). And the proportion of the population who habitually travel by rail is already large, and is increasing year by year. In a word, thousands are injured and scores are killed; and neither of the scores nor of the thousands certainly, was the speed essential to more than a very few. Not is the effect upon the present generation the only matter for consideration — the constitution which we thus enfeeble and impair we transmit so damaged to our children, who, in their turn, add to and pass on the sad inheritance of weakness and susceptibility. Heart-disease, too

"Oh, my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

The meek in spirit (El Fakir),

"IMAM ALI TANR."

common already, may be expected to be more common still.

The moral effects of this hurried pace cannot well be separated from those arising from the high-pressure style of life generally, but in combination with this are undeniable, if not easy to be specified. A life without leisure and without pause—a life of *haste*—above all a life of excitement, such as haste inevitably involves—a life filled so full, even if it be full of interest and toil, that we have no time to reflect where we have been and whither we intend to go; what we have done and what we plan to do, still less what is the value, and the purpose, and the price of what we have seen, and done, and visited—can scarcely be deemed an adequate or worthy life; and assuredly will not approve itself to us as such in those hours of enforced quiet and inaction which age or sickness brings sooner or later to us all—when, with a light which is often sudden and startling enough, the truth and reality of things

Flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude—

sometimes, but more commonly its surprise, its trouble, and its torture.

We are, perhaps, most of us, conscious at some moments of our course of the need to be quiet, to be in repose, to be *alone*; but I believe few of us have ever estimated adequately the degree in which an *atmosphere of excitement*, especially when we enter it young and continue in it habitually, is fatal to the higher and deeper life: the subtle poison which it disseminates through the whole character; how it saps solidity and strength of mind; how it daily becomes more necessary and in increasing measure; with what "inexorable logic" it at once enfeebles and renders abnormally sensitive the subtle organization of the brain; and how far, by slow and sure gradations, it carries us on towards a mental and moral condition which may justly be pronounced unsound. The scenes witnessed in a neighbouring country during the distressing years of 1870-71 brought out very forcibly these considerations. I may venture to quote a few paragraphs in illustration, written at the time.*

Among civilized European peoples, the French excitability of to-day seems peculiar in kind as well as excessive in degree. It would appear to indicate a constitutional sus-

ceptibility of brain, distinctly morbid, and exceptionally beyond the control of the reason or the will. It shows itself in a hundred ways, and seems more or less to pervade all classes. Members of the Legislative Chamber, in moments of heat, shake their fists at each other, and scream mutual insult and defiance across the hall. . . . An oratorical spark which in England or America or Prussia falls on grass or on tinder, in France falls on gunpowder. The annals of the country since the time of Mirabeau abound in exemplifications. But in our days this excitability reaches to absolute insanity. Everybody, apologists as well as denouncers, describes it by this name; and no other is appropriate to its manifestations. Victor Hugo calls it madness; the correspondents of English newspapers constantly depict the attitude and behaviour of the people, both during the war with Germany and the last siege and struggle, as being simply that of a populace actually crazy, furiously crazy, with passion, mania, or drink. This madness, too, assumes invariably the most unamiable and destructive phases. In the earlier days it was the spy mania; then the traitor mania; now the petroleum mania. In all cases it was blind, contagious, uncontrollable.

The explanation, I believe, must be sought in physiological considerations. The wonder would be, looking at the past, if something of the kind had not resulted. For three generations Frenchmen have been "born in bitterness, and nurtured in convulsion," and such influences, acting on temperaments constitutionally emotional, and transmitted with inevitably accelerating increments from father to son, have produced the furies, murderers, and incendiaries of the Commune. First, the unprecedented catastrophe of 1789, the overthrow of all existing society, the removing of all old landmarks, the bursting asunder of the social crust of the earth, and the upheaving and overflow of the long-compressed volcanic elements beneath, the emancipation of millions from centuries of serfdom, the collapse or destruction of what for centuries had seemed most powerful and most stable, altogether constituted such a cataclysm of terror and of promise as the modern world had not seen. All Europe felt the shock. It had swept suddenly into a new epoch. Heads were turned elsewhere than in France; but in France, as was natural, the disturbance, mental as well as material, was far the greatest. The grandest and wildest dreams of universal felicity and regeneration seemed for a time almost on the point of realization. The greediest desires for possession and revenge had for a moment their gratification. The most illimitable hopes in some quarters, the most paralyzing terror in others, combined to keep the whole nation in a vortex of excitement such as now we can scarcely picture to ourselves, but such as our fathers recalled to us and described with something between a shudder and a sigh—a sigh for the vanished visions, a shudder over

* *Suum cuique.*—*Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1871, pp. 124-126.

the remembered crimes. It was impossible that children born under such stars, surrounded in infancy by such an atmosphere of stimulants, should not bear in every fibre traces of the strange era on which their eyes first opened.

Then followed another period of excitement of a different order, during which the generation born between 1789 and 1793 had its adolescence and its nurture. The delirium of triumph succeeded the delirium of revolution. Every day brought tidings of a fresh victory; every year saw the celebration of a new conquest. For twenty years the whole nation lived upon continuous stimulants of the most intoxicating sort. The Frenchmen born while society was being convulsed, and bred while Europe was being subdued, became the progenitors of the Frenchmen who witnessed or caused the revolutions of 1830 and 1848; and these in their turn gave birth to those—still punier and still more demoralized and distempered by the perpetual dram-drinking which public life in France had been—who now stand before the judgment-seat of Europe as the men and women of 1871. For more than ninety years France has scarcely been sane and sober for an hour; ceaseless emotion has grown into chronic hysteria; and defects, vices, and propensities, mental and moral once, have become constitutional and physical at last.

II. But our "life at high pressure" is shown even more in our style of work than in our rate of movement. The world is growing more exacting in its demands from all labourers except merely manual ones; and life in one way or other is becoming severer and severer to nearly all. The great prizes of social existence—success in professional, public, and commercial life—demand more strenuous and exhausting toil, a greater strain upon both bodily and mental powers, a sterner concentration of effort and of aim, and a more harsh and rigid sacrifice of the relaxations and amenities which time offers to the easy-going and unambitious, than was formerly the case. The eminent lawyer, the physician in full practice, the minister, and the politician who aspires to be a minister—even the literary workman, or the eager man of science—are one and all condemned to an amount and continued severity of exertion of which our grandfathers knew little, and which forces one after another of them to break off (or to break down) in mid-career, shattered, paralyzed, reduced to premature inaction or senility. In every line of life we see almost daily examples; for what actual toil does for the learned professions, perpetual anxiety does for the merchant and the manufacturer. The barrister tells us

that he must make hay while the sun shines, because for him it generally shines so late; and his career is so often divided into two equal portions—waiting wearily for work, and being absorbed in it—groaning or sinking under its excess. The physician cannot in middle life refuse or select among the crowding patients whom he has looked and longed for through the years of youth, even though his strength is consciously giving way under the burdensome and urgent calls; while the statesman or the member of Parliament in office has constantly to undergo a degree of prolonged pressure which it is astonishing that so many can endure, and perhaps more astonishing still that so many are found passionately struggling to reach. We all of us remember the description given of this career by one of its most eminent votaries: "There is little reason in my opinion," said Macaulay, "to envy a pursuit in which the most its devotees can expect is that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social comfort, by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely-watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power."

And this reminds us to say one word upon another feature of this high-pressure existence. It is not only that health and strength often give way under the incessant strain; it is not that the over-taxed brain not unfrequently pays the fearful penalty which, sooner or later, nature inexorably levies upon all habitual excess; it is that men who have thus given up their entire being to this professional or business labour, so often lose all capability of a better life, all relish for recreation or contemplation, all true appreciation of leisure when it comes at last; for the faculties of enjoyment, like all others, are apt to grow atrophied with disuse,—so that we see men in most careers go toiling on long after the culminating point of professional success is reached,—when wealth has become a superfluity and there is no motive for further accumulation,—not because their life has still a charm for them, but because every other life has by long disacquaintance lost its attraction. "Why," asked a friend once of an eminently successful advocate, "why should you go on wearing yourself out day after day in amassing gold which you can neither enjoy nor use? You get no good of it; you have

no one to leave it to; you cannot carry it away with you. Why don't you retire, and leave the stage to younger men?" Alas! the successful man too often with much to retire *upon*, has nothing to retire *to*; for literature, science, domestic ties, public and philanthropic interests, nature itself, with its exhaustless loveliness and its perennial refreshment, have all been neglected and lost sight of during the mad rush and struggle of the last thirty years—and these are treasures the key to which soon grows rusty, and friends that, once slighted, cannot be whistled back at will. "*Ah! monsieur!*" said Talleyrand to a young man, who in the bustle of business and ambition had never learned, or had forgotten to keep up his whist, "*Ah! monsieur, quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!*" How many of us, letting slip the habit of interests still more attractive, lay the foundation of an old age sadder and drearier by far. Thus it is that we sacrifice life to a *living*—the end to the means—

Et, propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.

People maintain that this excess of toil is unavoidable, that you must keep the pace, or fall behind and be trampled down by competitors who are more ambitious, more concentrated, or less inclined to measure and appraise the objects and the worth of life; and that in a civilization like ours moderation is forbidden to those who would succeed at all, or not actually fail. It may be so, though I am not quite convinced it is so; and at least, if men must work *over hard*, they need not work *over long*; they might yield the vacant place to younger and needier aspirants. But if it be thus—that it *is* thus is precisely my indictment against the spirit of the age. Excess is enforced; moderation—that which to the wiser Greeks seemed the essence of wisdom—is forbidden, or appears to be so.

But even this is not the extreme limit of the evil to be signalized. Another point seldom enough noticed is that this high pressure, this ceaselessness and severity of toil, leaves the work of life, and assigns its prizes, more and more to men of *exceptional physique*—the peculiarly healthy, the specially strong, the abnormally tough,—those whose rare frames and constitutions are fitted to endure the unnatural and injurious strain under which the average man succumbs.

To few cases does the very harsh Scriptural text, "To him that hath shall be given," so closely apply. Even in the more distinctly intellectual careers—except perhaps some branches of literature and science—physical strength is nearly as essential as mental superiority, and mental superiority often fails for want of it. At the bar, animal vigour, what may be termed loosely physical and cerebral toughness, is a prime requisite; so it is for the surgeon in good practice—for the successful engineer—most of all perhaps for the parliamentary official, who has to work usually half the night, and always more than half the day. In short, the race of life is so rapid, the struggle of life so stern, the work of life so hard, that *exceptional organizations* seem to be essential everywhere to great achievement or even ordinary fruits; the moderately-endowed, the steady fair average man, the *medium* in all things—in wealth, in brains, in health and strength—is "nowhere" in the strife;—the slow-moving, the tardily developing, who fifty years ago might have attained a decent position and secured a decent competence, bid fair to be elbowed out of their careers; while the dunces—who who are seldom the minority—is growing deplorable indeed.

III. It would seem, again, that the future, in England at least, is not to be for the moderately wealthy, any more than for the moderately industrious or the moderately clever. There is danger of this in every rapidly progressive country, and the symptoms of it in England have become very manifest of late years. Several operations have combined to produce this result. The aggregate wealth of the country has enormously increased.* The profits of *enterprise*, if not of ordinary plodding trade, have been almost unprecedentedly great. More *vast* fortunes have been heaped up, and heaped up in a shorter time, than probably at any former epoch. At the same time the wages of labour, most notably of skilled labour, have increased in many instances 15, 25, even 50 per cent.;—have so increased that if the artisan and mining classes had been prudent, steady, saving, and forecasting, they might, as a rule, have been capitalists as well as

	1858	1872	Increase per cent.
(In millions)			
Property assessed to Income Tax	327	482	47
" " Schedule D	91	203	112

labourers now; * might have been more at ease in their circumstances, and have had a larger *margin* in their expenditure, than numbers of the educated classes. There is no question as to these facts, and I need not trouble you with statistical details. At the same time, the value of fixed property, of houses and lands, has risen rapidly and largely as a consequence of the general prosperity: more persons are seeking property of this sort, and more purchasers are able and willing to pay a high price for it. In all this, you will say, there is much to rejoice at and nothing to regret. I am not about to controvert this proposition. But let us look for a moment at one or two of the secondary consequences of this state of things.

It is a universal complaint, the substantial truth of which cannot be denied, that life to a vast proportion of the middle classes is becoming more difficult and more costly. Without entering on any controvertible points, there are certain things which we all know, and most of us feel. Increased riches among high and low has brought increased demand for most articles, and in those articles, consumption has overtaken production,† and many of these are articles of prime necessity. Some of these can be brought from abroad, and the price of them has not, therefore, risen in proportion, if at all. But meat and all farm produce has risen so as to cause serious inconvenience in most families, and actual privation in very many. House-rent, and servants' wages, and servants' maintenance, have also risen most materially. With the general advance in the wages of labour in all trades, on which we have been congratulating the country, the cost of most articles into which labour enters largely as an element has been materially enhanced; and we have to pay more than we used to do for every job we want done. Probably, on the whole, we are within the mark if we say that, among average middle-class families, the actual cost of living is twenty-five per cent. higher than it was twenty-five years ago.

But this is only half the story. Owing to the increasing wealth of the wealthy, and the increasing numbers who every year step into the wealthier class, the

style of living, as well as the cost of the necessities and comforts of which "living" consists, has advanced in an extraordinary ratio; and however frugal, however unostentatious, however rational we may be, however resolute to live as we think we ought, and not as others do around us, it is, as we all find, simply *impossible* not to be influenced by their example and to fall into their ways, unless we are content either to live in remote districts or in an isolated fashion. The result is that we need many things that our fathers did not, and that for each of those many things we must pay more. Even where prices are lower, quantities are increased. Locomotion is cheaper; but every middle-class family travels far more than formerly. Wine and tea cost less, but we habitually consume more of each. Most articles of clothing *may* be purchased at reduced prices, but more are wanted and of a costlier quality. But when we come to the item of education, so vital a one in every family, while it is becoming better as well as cheaper for the poor and the lower middle ranks, the cost of it is almost scandalous among the rich, and a grievous and anxious burden to households of respectable position, but of limited or scanty means. On the whole, less than a generation ago, thousands of families could live in comfort, in competence, and at their ease, with all the *essential* elegancies of existence, on £500 or £600, who strive in vain to do so now. Plodding clerks, government officials, retired officers, clergymen, and scientific or literary students — men of moderate fixed incomes in short — all find their position changed sadly for the worse. England is a paradise for the great proprietor, the successful merchant or engineer, the popular author, and sometimes for the skilful and energetic journalist; it may be made so for the skilled labourer in every branch, if he be sober and sagacious as well as energetic: — scarcely so for the quiet, unassuming, unpushing, who would fain run a peaceful and contented course; for the men of £5,000 a year and upwards: scarcely for the men of £500 a year and under. England is a country in which it is easier to make much than to live upon little; and in which, therefore, the moderate, contented, unstriving natures — those who desire to pass their life neither in making money nor in spending it, who wish to use existence wisely and enjoy it worthily — are in danger of being crushed out of being between the upper and the nether mill-

* "Proletariat on a Wrong Scent." — *Quarterly Review*.

	1867	1872
† Live Stock, i.e., cattle, sheep, and pigs, in the United Kingdom	46,770,300	46,721,100

stones of a prosperous and well-paid labouring class and the lavish expenditure of the noble or ignoble opulent.

Now, I confess this does seem to me a matter for regret, inasmuch as these people are, or, at least, used to be, a valuable and estimable element in the national life. I should grieve to see England consist *only* of the toiling, grinding labourer, however highly paid—of the striving, pushing, racing man of enterprise, however successful—and of the plutocrat or aristocrat, however magnificent or stately in his affluence. It may be useless to repine at the menaced operation, and I see but one mode by which it can be effectually counteracted. As wealth increases, and as fortunes grow more and more colossal, as year by year successful enterprise places riches within the reach of many, and as the disposition of every class to imitate and emulate the style of living of the classes above it in the social scale remains about the most inveterate of our national characteristics, there would seem to be small hope of attaining a standard of life truly dignified and worthy, except through such a regeneration in the tastes and sentiments of the opulent and noble—the leaders of fashion, the acknowledged chiefs and stars of society—as should cause simplicity to become “good style,” and luxury beyond a certain point, and ostentation at any point, to be voted vulgar. The seeds of this moral revulsion from our actual excesses are already in existence, and a few bright and resolute examples among the well-placed, the eminent, and the universally admired, might, I am convinced, make them germinate with a rapidity that would amaze us; for there are thousands among our upper ranks to whom all the indulgences and splendour round them bring no true enjoyment, but rather the intense sadness of satiety, and not a little self-reproach, and some dim and fruitless yearning after a course of days that shall be more really happy while it lasts, and shall leave more rewarding memories behind it. There are more “Lady Claras” among those who are supposed to have drawn the prizes of life than is generally fancied.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere!

You pine amid your lordly towers,
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is weary of the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
Yet sickening of a vague disease . . .

.....

Now, I am not given to preaching; I never knew much good come of sermons, and certainly I am not going so far to abuse your patience as to turn this desk into a pulpit. But we may philosophize for a moment, and yet steer clear of moralizing. I never had the faintest respect for asceticism, which, indeed, in every shape, I have always regarded as a mistake, arising out of utter misconceptions, both intellectual and moral. I have not even a word to say (now, at least,) in favour of self-denial; that noble virtue has its time and place, but it is out of our province here, where we are dealing with what is rational, not with what is right—not with what duty would ordain, but with what sagacity and enlightened selfishness suggest. We need not ask the affluent and the high in rank to forego any one of the advantages or enjoyments which their vast possessions place within their reach; all that is required is, that they make the most of those advantages, and make those possessions yield them the maximum of real pleasure. That this is rarely done we all know; the complaints we hear in every circle testify only too loudly to the truth. People, with all the resources of society at their command, constantly avow, that if society is not actually more of a burthen and a fatigue than of a pleasure, it yet has grown so irrationally unwieldly and laborious as to give them little of the true enjoyment which ought to be got out of it; for, surely, of all the privileges and luxuries of civilized existence, intercourse with our fellows—*selected* intercourse especially—should be the most repaying; yet is not this very faculty of selection one of those most commonly foregone? Might not our entire system of social intercourse be so remodelled as to be at once twice as remunerative and only half as costly? And, again, does not the magnificent scale on which the establishments of “our governing families” are kept up admittedly involve a trouble as well as an expenditure which is an enormous drawback from the comforts and luxuries they yield? How much—rather, how little—of their outlay really contributes to oil the wheels and smooth away the cares of life for *them*? What proportion of their income is spent as they themselves would wish, and what proportion in obedience to some fancied necessities of their position, bringing them no appreciable return whatever? If all the spending classes kept only as many servants and horses as would suf-

fice really to serve and carry them as perfectly as they could wish, what thousands of both would be thrown upon the market to the great relief of more limited incomes. The resigned superfluities of one class would furnish forth the real wants of others, and the equilibrium between supply and demand be once again restored. And if the more influential families — *i.e.*, the most admired and *imitated* — were thus to reduce their expenditure (still not depriving themselves of one needed or conscious luxury) how suddenly would the example spread downward and around, till extravagant and ostentatious expenditure would be so notoriously *mauvais ton* as to be left to men whose riches were their sole distinction.

But to arrive at this end, when simplicity of living, rather than princely expenditure, shall be the stamp and insignia of rank and taste, not only must the example be set by those whose character and position mark them out for social influence, but must be set with a sober sagacity and correct tact which will be in themselves attractive. The spasmodic and injudicious attempts of eccentric individuals, neither sound-judging enough to retrench well and gracefully, nor eminent enough to entitle them largely to influence others, provoke rather ridicule than imitation, and have more than once done injustice to the cause.

Perhaps the expressions I have used in depreciation of asceticism ought not to be left without some further explanation. By asceticism I understand *gratuitous* self-denial or self-infliction — the voluntary renunciation of enjoyment or endurance of pain where no *duty* commands either one or the other, and where no fellow-being is to be benefited thereby. That we should be ever ready to forego pleasure, or encounter suffering, at the summons of a clear principle, or for the furtherance of a good cause; that we should be able and willing, not only always to share our blessings with the less fortunate, and to take upon ourselves a portion of their burdens, but also not rarely, and in no stinted measure, to suffer and to want, in order that others may enjoy and possess — these are truisms too familiar to all disciplined natures to need a word of exposition. It may even be desirable that the young and untried, and those, too, who are placed in circumstances of unusual ease, should, from time to time, *practise* endurance and privation, in order to be certain

that they will be armoured for the occasion when the day of self-sacrifice arrives. But that it should be considered incumbent upon any one, or a proceeding deserving of applause, to abstain from whatever innocent pleasure of the flesh, or the eye, or the intellect, or the fancy, circumstance (or providence, if we prefer the phrase) may have placed within our reach — so long as our indulgence entails no burden or privation upon others — this is a doctrine which, to my mind, seems equally devoid of piety and sense. I believe the good things of this life are given in order that life may be as bright and happy as a terminable thing can be, and that to enjoy them with thorough relish and with wise moderation is our fittest acknowledgment and the most becoming gratitude. The world is habitually full enough of pain and trouble, without its being needful to go out of our way to seek this wholesome discipline. Few pathways are so exclusively strewn with roses that we are forced to find artificial thorns to mingle with them; and to well-trained spirits the sweets and the resting-places of our course are but the moments which refresh and fortify us for its harder passages. Those self-denials by which others profit, and of which others are the object, are surely more genuine than those self-regarding ones which are merely the athletic exercises of the soul in its own gymnasium; the *career* of effort or of duty has something about it far otherwise healthy and admirable than its *treadwheel*. Moreover, I am not sure that asceticism is not the form which religion is apt to take in sensual minds; the nature that over-estimates the indulgences is the most prone to over-estimate, also, the mortifications of the flesh.

The philosophical misconception that lies at the root of the ascetic doctrine no doubt was originally something of this sort: — The wants, the weaknesses, the *claims* of the body are, as all thinkers well know, grievous drags and obstacles to the mind in its most strenuous efforts and its highest flights. Ample exercise is needed to keep the body in full health, yet exercise does not predispose the mind to effort. Ample and nourishing food is demanded by the body for its own best condition, yet such food is not most conducive to intellectual achievement. The body needs a sufficiency of sleep, and the brain at least as imperiously as any portion of the body, yet that *continuity* and intensity of mental action which is

essential to the realization of man's grandest gains in science or philosophy is perpetually interrupted by sleep, and as perpetually interrupts it. In short, from the earliest times mind and body have been at issue, and the mind has felt that the body was not only an indispensable servant, but a conflicting claimant. Its claims were felt to be inconvenient, and to be pressed in a fashion that must be peremptorily dealt with, if mind was to maintain its rightful supremacy or to realize its noblest aspirations. Now, there are two modes of dealing with claims which, however interfering, cannot be ignored, which are at once too strong to be altogether resisted, and too righteous to be deliberately denied. You may either bully the claimants and put them on short commons, or you may satisfy all their just demands. The ascetics took the first course, which I maintain to have been altogether an erroneous one. For what is the object in view? Is it not simply to *silence the senses*, to prevent them interfering inconveniently and unwarrantably with the operations of the intellect? Now, when were claimants (who had a fair foundation for their claims) ever effectually silenced by rough usage and unjust refusals? They may be temporarily put down, but they can never be *silenced*, and their groans and remonstrances are just as disturbing as their open-voiced demands.

Servi siam : ai — ma servi ognor frementi.

Nay, the plan is even more unphilosophical than at first appears, for these starved and oppressed claimants are your indispensable agents, and your oppression impairs their power as well as their will to serve you. They become, instead of cheerful and vigorous *employés*, grumbling and half-paralyzed ones. The senses and the bodily organs need food, exercise, repose — aye, and recreation too, and all in liberal measure — if they are to do the bidding of the intellect in a first-rate style ; and the surest consequence, therefore, of the ascetic system is just to interfere with the progress of the work, to damage or imperil its quality, and to shorten its period of duration.

Asceticism, therefore, as a philosophical contrivance is a signal blunder, which can never really attain its end. The brain has a right to rest, and will not work well without rest, and ought to have as much sleep as it requires. The mind will work best when the body is so com-

pletely at peace as never to *intrude its presence* — when it is hid away in the silence of content ; the poet, the philosopher, or the scientific inquirer (depend upon it) will get on fastest and have his faculties clearest, not when he is tormented by a hair shirt, but when he is sitting in a well-arranged arm-chair ; when he has been refreshed and strengthened by ample sleep and wholesome air and invigorating pleasures — not while he is struggling to keep awake, like some studious unphysiological donkeys whom we read of, with a wet bandage round his head and a cup of strong coffee at his elbow. But an arm-chair, which is so luxurious and elaborate as to *call attention* to its charms, would be nearly as fatal to high thought as a gridiron or a hard board to sit on. The mind must not be made conscious of the presence of the body, by either pleasurable or painful sensations.

Nor, I believe, need we fear that, if the just claims of the body are conceded, unjust and excessive demands will therefore be put forward. In the first place, righteous and timely concessions give the mind an unassailable vantage-ground for very prompt and imperious dealing with unwarrantable clamours ; and, in the second place, those unwarrantable demands arise in too many cases (as all who have dived into the unsavoury history of ascetic sects can tell us), from morbid action of the senses, arising out of unnatural treatment of them. — You will think, perhaps, that I have broken my promise, when I said I was not going to preach ; but now I have only one word more to say, and it is worth listening to, for it is not my own : — “ In this case, as in all similar ones, let us seek conciliation of conflicting claims, not by compromise, but by justice ; by giving to every one, not the half of what he asks, but the whole of what he ought to have.”

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER LVII.

(concluded.)

LADY VALERIA LORRAINE, though harassed and weakened by rheumatism and pain of the nerves (which she sternly attributed to the will of God and the

weather), still sat as firmly erect as ever, and still exacted, by a glance alone, all those little attentions which she looked so worthy to receive. The further she became removed from the rising generation, the greater was the height of contempt from which she deigned to look down upon it. So that Alice used to say to her father sometimes, "I wonder whether I have any right to exist. Grandmamma seems to think it so impertinent of me." "One thing is certain," Sir Roland answered, with a quiet smile at his favourite; "and that is, that you cannot exist without impertinence, my dear."

This fine old lady was dressed with her usual taste and elaboration; no clumsy chits would she have to help her, during the three hours occupied by what she termed, not inaptly, her "devotions." She wore a maroon-coloured velvet gown of the softest and richest fabric, trimmed, not too profusely, with exquisite point-lace; while her cap, of the same lace with dove-coloured ribbon, at the same time set off and was surpassed by the beauty of her snow-white hair. Among many other small crotchets, she held that brilliants did not suit a very old lady; and she wore no jewels, except a hoop of magnificent pearls with a turquoise setting, to preserve her ancient wedding-ring. And now, as her grandchild entered quietly, she was a little displeased at delay, and feigned to hear no entrance.

"Here I am, grandmamma, if you please," said Alice, after three most graceful curtsies, which she was always commanded to make, and made with much private amusement; "will you please to look round, grandmamma, and tell me what you want of me?"

"I could scarcely have dreamed," answered Lady Valeria, slowly turning towards her grandchild, and smiling with superior dignity; "that any member of our family would use the very words of the clown in the ring. But, perhaps, as I always try to think, you are more to be pitied than condemned. Partly through your own fault, and partly through peculiar circumstances, you have lost those advantages which a young lady of our house is entitled to. You have never been at court; you have seen no society; you have never even been in London!"

"Alas! it is all too true, grandmamma. But how often have you told me that I never must hope, in this degenerate age, to find any good models to imitate! And you have always discouraged me, by pre-

senting yourself as the only one for me to follow."

"You are quite right," said the ancient lady, failing to observe the turn of thought, as Alice was certain that she would do, else scarcely would she have ventured it; "but, you do not make the most of even that advantage. You can read and write, perhaps better than you ought, or better than used to be thought at all needful; but you cannot come into a room, or make a tolerable curtsy; and you spend all your time with dogs, and poets, and barrows of manure, and little birds!"

"Now really, madam, you are too hard upon me. I may have had a barrow-load of poets; but more than a month ago, you gave orders that I was not to have one bit more of manure."

"Certainly I did, and high time it was. A young gentlewoman to dabble in worms, and stable-stuff, and filthiness! However, I did not send for you to speak about such little matters. What I have to say is for your own good; and I will trouble you not to be playing with your hands, but just to listen to me."

"I beg your pardon," said Alice, gently; "I did not know I was moving my hands. I will listen, without doing that any more."

"Now, my dear child," began Lady Valeria, being softened by the dutiful manner and sweet submission of the girl; "whatever we do is for your own good. You are not yet old enough to judge what things may profit, and what may hurt you. Even I, who had been brought up in a wholly superior manner, could not at your age have thought of anything. I was ready to be led by wiser people; although I had seen a good deal of the world. And you, who have seen nothing, must be only too glad to do the same. You know quite well, what has long been settled, between your dear father and myself, about what is to be done with you."

"To be done with me!" exclaimed poor Alice, despite her resolve to hold her tongue. "To be done with me! As if I were just a bundle of rags, to be got rid of!"

"Prouder and handsomer girls than you," answered Lady Valeria, quietly—for she loved to provoke her grandchild, partly because it was so hard to do—"have become bundles of rags, by indulging just such a temper as yours is. You will now have the goodness to listen to me, without any vulgar excitement.

Your marriage with Captain Chapman has for a very long time been agreed upon. It is high time now to appoint the day. Sir Remnant Chapman has done me the honour of a visit upon that subject. He is certainly a man of the true old kind; though his birth is comparatively recent. I was pleased with him; and I have pledged myself to the marriage, within three months from this day."

"It cannot be! It shall not be! You may bury me, but not marry me. Who gave you the right to sell me? And who made me to be sold? You selfish, cold-hearted—no, I beg your pardon. I know not what I am saying."

"You may well fall away, child, and cower like that; when you have dared to use such dreadful words. No, you may come to yourself, as you please. I am not going to give you any volatile salts, or ring, and make a scene of it. That is just what you would like; and to be petted afterwards. I hope you have not hurt yourself, so much as you have hurt me perhaps, by your violent want of self-control. I am not an old woman—as you were going to call me—but an elderly lady. And I have lived indeed to be too old, when any one descended from me has so little good blood in her, as to call her grandmother an old woman!"

"I am very, very sorry," said Alice, with catches of breath, as she spoke, and afraid to trust herself yet to rise from the chair, into which she had fallen; "I used no such words, that I can remember. But I spoke very rudely, I must confess. I scarcely know what I am to do, when I hear such dreadful things, unless I bite my tongue off."

"I quite agree with you. And I believe it is the very best thing all young people can do. But I strive to make every allowance for you, because you have been so very badly brought up. Now come to this window, child, and look out. Tut, tut—tears indeed! What are young girls made of now? White sugar in a wet tea-cup. Now if the result of your violence allows you to see anything at all, perhaps you will tell me what that black line is among the rough ground at the bottom of the hill. To me it is perfectly clear, although I am such a very old woman."

"Why, of course, it is the Woeburn, madam. It has been there for three days."

"You know what it means; and you calmly tell me that!"

"I know that it means harm, of course. But I really could not help its coming. And it has not done any harm yet."

"No, Alice, it waits its due time, of course. Three months is its time, I believe, for running, before it destroys the family. Your marriage affords the only chance of retrieving the fortunes of this house, so as to defy disasters. Three months, therefore, is the longest time to which we can possibly defer it. How many times have we weakly allowed you to slip out of any certain day! But now we have settled that you must be Mrs. Chapman by the 15th of January at the latest."

"Oh, grandmamma, to think that I ever should live to be called Mrs. Chapman!"

"The name is a very good one, Alice, though it may not sound very romantic. But poor Sir Remnant, I fear, is unlikely to last for a great time longer. He seemed so bent, and his sight so bad, and requiring so much refreshment! And then, of course, you would be Lady Chapman, if you care about such trifles."

"It is a piteous prospect, madam. And I think Captain Chapman must be older than his father. You know the old picture, 'The Downhill of Life;' the excellent and affectionate couple descending so nicely hand-in-hand. Well, I should illustrate that at once. I should have to lead my—no, I won't call him husband—but my tottering partner down the hill, whenever we came to see you and papa. Oh, that would be so interesting!"

"You silly child, you might do much worse than that. Lady de Lampnor has promised most kindly to see to your outfit in London. But I cannot talk of that at present. There, now you may go. I have told you all."

"Thank you, grandmamma. But, if you please, I have not told you all, nor half. It need not, however, take very long. It is just this. No power on earth shall ever compel me to marry Stephen Chapman; unless, indeed, it were so to happen—"

"You disobedient and defiant creature—unless what should happen?"

"Unless the existence, and even the honour, of the Lorraines required it. But of that I see no possibility at all. At present it seems to be nothing more than a small and ignominious scheme. More and more I despise and dislike that heroic officer. I will not be sacrificed for

nothing; and I have not the smallest intention of being the purchase-money for old acres."

"After that, I shall leave you to your father," answered Lady Valeria, growing tired. "It may amuse you to talk so largely, and perhaps for the moment relieves you. But your small self-will, and your childish fancies, cannot be always gratified. However, I will ask you one thing. If the honour, and even the life of Lorraine, can be shown to you to require it, will you sacrifice your noble self?"

"I will," answered Alice, with brave eyes flashing, and looking tall and noble. "If the honour of the Lorraines depends upon me, I will give myself and my life for it."

CHAPTER LVIII.

HILARY was so weak and weary, and so seriously ill, when at last he reached the rectory, that his uncle and aunt would not hear of his coming down-stairs for a couple of days at least. They saw that his best chance of escaping some long and perhaps fatal malady was to be found in rest and quietude, nursing, and kindly feeding. And the worst of it was that, whatever they did, they could not bring him to feed a quarter so kindly as he ought to do. The rector said, "Confound the fellow!" And Mrs. Hales shook her head, and cried "Poor dear!" as dish after dish, and dainty little plate came out of his room untasted.

And now on the morning of that same day on which Alice thus had pledged herself (being the third from her brother's arrival, of which she was wholly ignorant), the rector of West Lorraine arose, and girded himself, and ate his breakfast with no small excitement. He had received a new clerical vestment of the loftiest symbolism, and he hoped to exhibit it at the head of a very long procession.

"About poor Hilary? What am I to do?" asked Mrs. Hales, coming into the lobby, to see her good husband array himself. "All sorts of things may happen while you are away."

"Now, Caroline, how can you ask such a question? Feed, feed, feed; that's the line of treatment. And above all things, lock up your medicine-chest. He wants no squills, or scammony, or even your patent electuary—of all things the most abominable; though I am most ungrateful to call it so—for I owe to it half my

burial-fees. He wants no murderous doctor's stuff; he wants a good breakfast—that's what he wants."

"But, my dear, you forget," answered good Mrs. Hales, who kept a small wardrobe of bottles and pills, gallipots, powders, and little square scales; "you are quite overlooking the state of his tongue. He has not eaten the size of my little finger. Why? Why, because of the fur on his tongue!"

"Bless the boy's tongue, and yours too!" cried the rector. "I should not care twopence about his tongue, if he only used his teeth properly."

"Ah, Struan, Struan! those who have never known what ache or pain is, cannot hope to understand the system. I know exactly how to treat him—a course of gentle drastics first, and then three days of my electuary, and then cardamomum, exhibited with liquor potassay. Doctoring has always been in my dear mother's family; and when your time comes to be ill and weak, how often you will thank Providence!"

"I thank the Lord for all things," said the parson, who was often of a religious turn; "but I must be brought very low indeed, ere I thank Him for your electuary."

"Put on your new hunting-coat, my dear. There it hangs, and I know that you are dying to exhibit it. The vanity of men surpasses even the love of women. There, there! You never will learn how to put a coat on. Just come to the hall-chair for me to pull it up. You are so unreasonably tall, that you never can get your coat up at the neck. Now, will you have it done, or will you go as you are, and look a regular figure in the saddle? You call it a 'bottle-green'! I call it a green, without the bottle."

"Caroline, sometimes you are most provoking. It is not your nature; but you try to do it. The cloth is of quite an invisible green, as the man in London told me—manufactured on purpose for ecclesiastics; though hundreds of parsons, God knows, go after the hounds in the good old scarlet. If you say any more, I will order a scarlet, and keep West Grinstead in countenance. They always do it in the west of England. In invisible green, I am a hypocrite."

"Now, don't excite yourself, Struan, or you won't enjoy your opening day at all. And I am sure that the green is as bright as can be; and you look very well—very well indeed. Though I don't quite

see how you can button it. Perhaps it is meant for a button-hook, or a leather thong over your stomach, dear."

"It is meant to fit me, Mrs. Hales; and it fits me to a nicety. It could not fit better; and it will be too easy when we have had a few hard runs. Where are my daughters? They know a good fit; and they know how to put a thing on my shoulders. Carry, Madge, and Cecil, come to the rescue of your father. Your father is baited, worse than any badger. Come all of you; don't stop a minute, or get perverted by your mother. Now, in simple truth, what do you say to this, my dears? Each speak her own opinion."

"It suits you most beautifully, papa."

"Papa, I think that I never saw you look a quarter so well before."

"My dear father, if there are any ladies, mamma will have reason to be jealous. But I fear that I see the back-seam starting."

"You clever little Cecil, I am afraid that it is. I feel a relief in front—ahem!—I mean an uncomfortable looseness in the chest. I told the fellow forty-eight inches at least. He has scamped the cloth, the London rascal! However, we can spare it from round the waist, as soon as our poor Cobble can see to it. But for to-day—ah yes, well thought of! My darling, go and get some of your green purse-silk. You are so handy. You can herring-bone it, so as to last for the day at least. Your mother will show you how to do it. Madge, tell Bonny to run and tell Robert not to bring the mare yet for a quarter of an hour. Now, ladies, I am at your mercy."

"Now, papa dear," asked Cecil, as she stitched away at the seam of her father's burly back, "if poor cousin Hilary should get up and want to go out, what are we to do?"

"How can you even put such a question? Even for our opening day, I would not dream of leaving the house, if I thought that you could be so stupid as to let that poor boy out. I would not have him seen in the parish, and I would not have his own people see him, even for the brush of the Fox-coombe fox, who is older than the hills, they say, and no hound dare go near him. One of you must be always handy; and if he gets restless, turn the key on him. Nothing can be simpler."

With his bottle-green coat, now warranted to last (unless he over-buttoned it), the rector kissed his dear wife and daugh-

ters; and then universal good wishes, applauses, and kissings of hand, set him forth on his way, with a bright smile spread upon his healthy face.

"Now mind we are left in charge," said Madge. "You are his doctor, of course, mamma; but we are to be his constables. I hope to goodness that he will eat by-and-by. It makes me miserable to see him. And the trouble we have had to keep the servants from knowing who he is, mamma!"

"My dear, your father has ordered it so. For my part, I cannot see why there should be so much mystery about it. But he always knows better than we do, of course."

"Surely, mamma," suggested Cecil, "it would be a dreadful shock to the family to receive poor Hilary in such a condition, just after the appearance of that horrid water. They would put the two things together, and believe it the beginning of great calamities."

"Now, my dear child," answered Mrs. Hales, who loved to speak a word in season, "let not us, who are Christians, hearken to such superstitious vanities. Trust in the Lord, and all will be well. He holdeth in the hollow of His hands the earth and all that therein is; yea, and the waters that be under the earth. Now run up, and see whether your poor cousin has eaten that morsel of anchovy toast. And tell him that I am going to prepare his draught, but he must not take the pills until half-past eleven."

"Oh, mamma dear, you'll drive him out of the house. Poor fellow, how I do pity him!"

Now Hilary certainly deserved this pity—not for his bodily ailments only, and the cruel fate which had placed him at the mercy of the medicine-chest, but more especially for the low and feverish condition of his heart and mind. Brooding perpetually on his disgrace, and attributing to himself more blame than his folly and failure demanded, he lost the refreshment of dreamless sleep, which his jaded body called out for. No rest could he find in the comforting words of his uncle and aunt and cousins: he knew that they were meant for comfort, and such knowledge vexes; or at least it irritates a man, until the broader time of life, when things are taken as they are meant, and any good word is welcome.

He was not, however, so very far gone as to swallow his dear aunt's boluses. He allowed his pillow to take his pills; and his good-natured cousins let him swallow

them, as much as a juggler swallows swords. "I can't take them while you are looking," he said; "when you come in again you will find them gone."

Now one of the girls—it was never known which, because all three denied it—stupidly let the sick cousin know that the master of the house was absent. Hilary paid no special heed at the moment when he heard it; but after a while he began to perceive (as behoved a blockaded soldier) that here was his chance for a sally. And he told them so, after his gravy-beef and a raw egg beaten up with sherry.

"How cunning you are now!" said Cecil, who liked and admired him very deeply. "But you are not quite equal, Master Captain, to female ingenuity. The Spanish ladies must have taught you that, if half that I hear is true of them. Now you need not look so wretched, because I know nothing about them. Only this I know, that out of this house you are not allowed to go, without—oh, what do you call it?—a pass, or a watchword, or a countersign, or something or other from papa himself. So you may just as well lie down—or mamma will come up with a powder for you."

"The will of the Lord be done," said Hilary; "but, Cecil, you are getting very pretty, and you need not take away my breeches."

"I am sorry to do it, Cousin Hilary; but I know quite well what I am about. And none of your military ways of going on can mislead me as to your character. You want to be off. We are quite aware of it. You can scarcely put two feet to the ground."

"Oh dear, how many ought I to be able to put?"

"You know best—at least four, I should hope. But you are not equal to argument. And we are all particularly ordered to keep you from what is too much for you. Now I shall take away these things—whatever they are called. I have no idea; but I do what I am told to do. And after this you will take that glass of the red wine, declared to be wonderful; and then you will shut both your eyes, if you please, till my father comes home from his hunting."

The lively girl departed with a bow of light defiance, carrying away her father's small-clothes (which had been left for Hilary), and locking the door of his bedroom with a decisive turn of a heavy key.

"Mother, you may go to sleep," she said, as she ran down into the drawing-room:

"I defy him to go, if he were Jack Sheppard: he has got no breeches to go in."

"Cecil, you are almost too clever! How your father will laugh, to be sure!" And the excellent lady began her nap.

As the afternoon wore away, Hilary grew more and more impatient of his long confinement. Not only that he pined for the open air—as, of course, he must do, after living so long with the free sky for his canopy—but also that he felt most miserable at being so near the old house on the hill, yet doubtful of his reception there. More than once he rang the bell; but the old nurse, who alone of the servants was allowed to enter, would do no more than scold or coax him, and quietly lock him in again. So at last he got out of bed, and feebly made his way to the window, and thence beheld, betwixt him and the grassy mounds of the churchyard, that swift, black stream which had so surprised him on the night of his arrival.

Since then he had persuaded himself, or allowed others to persuade him, that the water had been a vision only of his weak and excited brain. But now he saw it clearly, calmly, and in a very few moments knew what it was, and of what dark import.

"How can I have let them keep me here?" he exclaimed, with indignation. "My father and sister must believe me dead, while I play at this miserable hide-and-seek. Perhaps they will think that I had better have been dead; but, at any rate, they shall know the truth."

With these words he took up his sailor-clothes, which the vigilant Cecil had overlooked, and which had been left in his room for fear of setting the servants talking; and he dressed himself as well as he could, and tried to look clean and tidy. But do what he might, he could only cut a poor and sorry figure; and looking in the glass, he was frightened at his wan and worn appearance. Then, knowing the habits of the house, and wishing to avoid excitement, he waited until the two elder daughters were gone down the village for their gossip, and Cecil was seeing the potatoes dug, and Mrs. Hales sleeping over Fisher or Patrick, while the cook was just putting the dinner down; and then, without trying the door at all, he quietly descended from the window, with the help of a stack-pipe and a spurry pear-tree.

So feeble was he now, that this slight exertion made him turn faint, and sick, and giddy; and he was obliged to sit

down and rest under a shrub, into which he had staggered. But after a while, he found himself getting a little better; and pulling up one of the dahlia-stakes, to help himself along with, he made his way to the gate; and there being cut off from the proper road, followed the leave of the land and the water, along the valley upward.

Alice Lorraine had permitted herself, not quite to lose her temper, but still to get a little worried by her grandmother's exhortations. Of all living beings, she felt herself to be one of the very most reasonable; and whenever she began to doubt about it, she knew there was something wrong with her. Her favourite cure for this state of mind was a free and independent ride, over the hills and far away. She hated to have a groom behind her, watching her, and perhaps criticising the movements of her figure. But as it was scarcely the proper thing for Miss Lorraine to be scouring the country, like a yeoman's daughter, she always had to start with a trusty groom; but she generally managed to get rid of him.

And now, having vainly coaxed her father to come for a breezy canter, Alice set forth about four o'clock, for an hour of rapid air, to clear, invigorate, and enliven her. Whatever she did, or failed of doing (when her grandmother was too much for her), she always looked graceful, and bright, and kind. But she never looked better than when she was sitting, beautifully straight, on her favourite mare, skimming the sward of the hills; or bowing her head in some tangled covert. This day, she allowed the groom to chase her (like the black care that sits behind) until she had taken free burst of the hills, and longed to see things quietly. And then she sent him, in the kindest manner, to a very old woman at Lower Chancton, to ask whether she had been frightened; and when he had turned the corner of a difficult plantation, Alice took her course for that which she had made up her mind to do.

According to the ancient stories, no fair-blooded creatures (such as man, or horse, cow, dog, or pigeon) would ever put lip to the accursed stream; whereas all foul things, polecats, foxes, fitches, badgers, ravens, and the like, were drawn by it, as by a loadstone, and made a feasting-place of it. So Alice resolved that her darling "Elfrida" should be compelled to pant with thirst, and then should have the fairest offer of the water of the Woeburn. And of this intent she

was so full, that she paid no heed to the "dressing-bell," clanging over the lonely hill, nor even to her pet mare's sense of dinner; but took a short cut of her own knowledge, down a lonely bostall, to the channel of new waters.

The stream had risen greatly even since the day before yesterday, and now in full volume swept on grandly towards the river Adur. Any one who might chance to see it for the first time, and without any impression, or even idea concerning it, could scarcely fail to observe how it differed from ordinary waters. Not only through its pellucid blackness, and the swaying of long grass under it (whose every stalk, and sheath, and awn, and even empty glume, was clear, as they quivered, wavered, severed, and spread, or sheathed themselves together again, and hustled in their common immersion), — not only in this, and the absence of any water-plants along its margin, was the stream peculiar, but also in its force and flow. It did not lip, or lap, or ripple, or gurgle, or wimple, or even murmur, as all well-meaning rivers do; but swept on in one even sweep, with a face as smooth as the best plate-glass, and the silent slide of nightfall.

Now the truth of the good old saying was made evident to Alice, that one can take a horse to water, but a score cannot make him drink, unless he is so minded. It was not an easy thing to get Elfrida to go near the water. She started away with flashing eyes, pricked ears, and snorting nostrils; and nothing but her perfect faith in Alice would have made her come nigh. But as for drinking, or even wetting her nose in that black liquid — might the horse-fiend seize her, if she dreamed of doing a thing so dark and unholy!

"You shall, you shall, you wicked little witch!" cried Alice, who was often obstinate. "I mean to drink it; and you shall drink it; and we won't have any superstition." She leaped off lightly, with her skirt tucked up, and taking the mare by the cheek-piece of the bridle, drew her forward. "Come along, come along, you shall drink. If you don't, I'll pour it up your nostrils, Frida; somehow or other, you shall swallow it. You know I won't have any nonsense, don't you?"

The beautiful filly, with great eyes partly defiant and partly suppliant, drew back her straight nose and blowing nostrils, and the glistening curve of the foamy lip. Not even a hair of her muzzle should touch the face of the accursed water.

"Very well then, you shall have it thus," cried Alice, with her curved palm brimming with the unpopular liquid; when suddenly a shadow fell on the shadowy brilliance before her—a shadow distinct from her own and Elfrida's, and cast further into the wavering.

"Who are you?" cried Alice, turning sharply round; "and what business have you on my father's land?" She was in the greatest fright at the sudden appearance of a foreign sailor, and the place so lonely and beyond all help; but without thinking twice, she put a brave face on her terror.

"Who am I?" said Hilary, trying to get up a sprightly laugh. "Well, I think you must have seen me once or twice in the course of your long life, Miss Lorraine."

"Oh, Hilary, Hilary, Hilary!"

She threw herself into his arms with a jump, relying upon his accustomed strength, and without any thought of the difference. He tottered backwards, and must have fallen, but for the trunk of a pollard ash. And seeing how it was, she again cried out, "Oh, Hilary, Hilary, Hilary!"

"That is my name," he answered, after kissing her in a timid manner; "but not my nature; at the present moment I am not so very hilarious."

"Why, you are not fit to walk, or talk, or even to look like a hero. You are the bravest fellow that ever was born. Oh, how proud we are of you! My darling, what is the matter? Why, you look as if you did not know me! Help, help, help! He is going to die. Oh, for God's sake, help!"

Poor Hilary, after looking wildly around, and trying in vain to command his mouth, fell suddenly back, convulsed, distorted, writhing, foaming, and wallowing in the depths of epilepsy. Sky, hill, and tree swung to and fro, across his strained and starting eyes, and then whirled round like a spinning-wheel, with radiating sparks and spots. Then all fell into abyss of darkness, down a bottomless pit, into utter and awful loss of everything.

The vigour of youth had fought against this robbery of humanity so long and hard that Alice, the only spectator of the conflict, began to recover from shriek and wailing by the time that her brother fell into the black insensibility. The ground sloped so that if she had not been there, the unfortunate youth must have rolled into the Woeburn, and so

ended. But being a prompt and active girl, she had saved him from this at any rate. She had had the wit also to save his tongue, by slipping a glove between his teeth; which scarcely a girl in a hundred who saw such a thing for the first time would have done. And now, though her face was bathed in tears, and her hands almost as tremulous as if themselves convulsed, she filled her low-crowned riding-hat with water from the river, and sprinkled his forehead gently, and released his neck from cumbrance. And then she gazed into his thin pale features, and listened for the beating of his heart.

This was so low that she could not hear or even feel it anywhere. "Oh, how can I get him home?" she cried. "Oh, my only brother, my only brother!" In fright and misery, she leaped upon a crest of chalk, to seek around for any one to help her; and suddenly she espied her groom against the sky-line a long way off, galloping up the ridge from Chanceton. In hope that one of the many echoes of the cliffs might aid her, she shrieked with all her power, and tore a white kerchief from under her riding-habit, and put it on her whip and waved it. And presently she had the joy of seeing the horse's head turned towards her. The rider had not caught her voice, but had descried some white thing fluttering between him and the sombre stripe which he was watching earnestly.

This groom was a strong and hearty man, and the father of seven children. He made the best of the case, and ventured to comfort his young mistress. And then he laid Hilary upon Elfrida, the docile and soft-stepper; and making him fast with his own bridle, and other quick contrivances, he tethered his own horse to a tree, and leading the mare, set off with Alice walking carefully and supporting the head of her senseless brother. So came this hero, after all his exploits, back to the home of his fathers.

CHAPTER LIX.

"WHAT can I do? Oh, how can I escape?" cried Alice to herself one morning, towards the end of the dreary November; "one month out of three is gone already, and the chain of my misery tightens around me. No, don't come near me, any of you birds; you will have to do without me soon; and you had better begin to practise. Ah me! you can make your own nests, and choose your mates; how I envy you! Well,

then, if you must be fed, you must. Why should I be so selfish?" With tears in her eyes, she went to her bower and got her little basket of moss, well known to every cock-robin and thrush and black-bird dwelling on the premises. At the bottom were stored, in happy ignorance of the fate before them, all the delicacies of the season—the food of woodland song, the stimulants of aerial melody. Here were woodlice, beetles, earwigs, caterpillars, slugs and nymphs, well-girt brandlings, and the offspring of the tightly-buckled wasp, together with the luscious meal-worm, and the peculiarly delicious grub of the cockchafer—all as fresh as a West-end salmon, and savouring sweetly of moss and milk—no wonder the beaks of the birds began to water at the mere sight of that basket.

"You have had enough now for to-day," said Alice; "it is useless to put all your heads on one side, and pretend that you are just beginning. I know all your tricks quite well by this time. No, not even you, you Methusalem of a Bob, can have any more—or at least, not much."

For this robin (her old pet of all, and through whose powers of interpretation the rest had become so intimate) made a point of perching upon her collar and nibbling at her ear whenever he felt himself neglected. "There is no friend like an old friend," was his motto; and his poll was grey and his beak quite blunted with the cares of age, and his large black eyes were fading. "Methusalem, come and help yourself," said Alice, relenting, softly; "you will not have the chance much longer."

Now as soon as the birds, with a chirp and a jerk, and one or two futile hops, had realized the stern fact that there was no more for them, and then had made off to their divers business (but all with an eye to come back again), Alice, with a smiling sigh—if there can be such a mixture—left her pets, and set off alone to have a good walk and talk and think. The birds, being guilty of "cupboard love," were content to remain in their trees and digest; and as many of them as were in voice expressed their gratitude brilliantly. But out of the cover they would not budge; they hated to be ruffled up under their tails: and they knew what the wind on the Downs was.

"I shall march off straight for Chancton Ring," said Alice Lorraine, most resolutely. "How thankful I am, to be able to walk! and poor Hilary—ah, how

selfish of me to contrast my state with his!"

Briskly she mounted the crest of the coombe, and passed to the open upland, the long chine of hill which trends to its highest prominence at Chancton Ring—a landmark for many a league around. Crossing the trench of the Celtic camp—a very small obstruction now—which loosely girds the ancient trees, Alice entered the venerable throng of weather-beaten and fantastic trunks. These are of no great size, and shed no impress of hushed awe, as do the mossy ramparts and columnar majesty of New-Forest beech-trees. Yet, from their countless and furious struggles with the winds in their might in the wild midnight, and from their contempt of aid or pity in their bitter loneliness, they enforce the respect and the interest of any who sit beneath them.

At the foot of one of the largest trees, the perplexed and disconsolate Alice rested on a lowly mound, which held (if faith was in tradition) the bones of her famous ancestor, the astrologer Agasicles. The tree which overhung his grave, perhaps as a sapling had served to rest without obstructing his telescope; and the boughs, whose murmurings soothed his sleep, had been little twigs too limp for him to hang his Samian cloak on. Now his descendant in the ninth or tenth generation—whichever it was—had always been endowed with due (but mainly rare) respect for those who must have gone before her. She could not perceive that they must have been fools, because many things had happened since they died; and she was not even aware that they must have been rogues to beget such a set of rogues.

Therefore she had veneration for the remains that lay beneath her (mouldering in no ugly coffin, but in swaddling-clothes committed like an infant into the mother's bosom), and the young woman dwelt, as all mortals must, on death, when duly put to them. The everlasting sorrow of the moving winds was in the trees; and the rustling of the sad, sear leaf, and creaking of the lichened bough. And above their little bustle and small fuss about themselves, the large, sonorous stir was heard of Weymouth pines and Scottish firs swaying in the distance slowly, like the murmur of the sea. Even the waving of yellow grass-blades (where the trees allowed them), and the rustling of tufted briars, and of thorny thickets,

shone and sounded melancholy with a farewell voice and gaze.

In the midst of all this autumn, Alice felt her spirits fall. She knew that they were low before, and she was here to enlarge and lift them, with the breadth of boundless prospect and the height of the breezy hill. But fog and cloud came down the weald, and grey encroachment creeping, and on the hilltops lay heavy sense of desolation. And Alice being at heart in union with the things around her (although she tried to be so brave), began to be weighed down, and lonesome, sad, and wondering, and afraid. From time to time she glanced between the uncouth pillars of the trees, to try to be sure of no man being in among them hiding. And every time when she saw no one, she was so glad that she need not look again — and then she looked again.

"It is quite early," she said to herself; "nothing — not even three o'clock. I get into the stupidest, and fearfulest ways from such continual nursing. How I wish poor Hilary was here! One hour of this fine breeze and cheerful scene — My goodness, what was that!"

The cracking of a twig, without any sign of what had cracked it; the rustle of trodden leaves; but no one, in and out the graves of leafage visible to trample them. And then the sound of something waving, and a sharp snap as of metal, and a shout into the distant valley.

"It is the astrologer," thought Alice. "Oh, why did I laugh at him? He has felt me sitting upon his skull. He is waving his cloak, and snapping his casket. He has had me in view for his victim always, and now he is shouting for me."

In confirmation of this opinion, a tall grey form, with one arm thrown up, and a long cloak hanging gracefully, came suddenly gliding between the trees. The maiden, whose brain had been overwrought, tried to spring up with her usual vigour; but the power failed her. She fell back against the sepulchral trunk and did not faint, but seemed for the moment very much disposed thereto.

When she was perfectly sure of herself, and rid of all presence of spectres, she found a strong arm behind her head, and somebody leaning over her. And she laid both hands before her face, without meaning any rudeness; having never been used to be handled at all, except by her brother or father.

"I beg your pardon most humbly,

madam. But I was afraid of your knocking yourself."

"Sir, I thank you. I was very foolish. But now I am quite well again."

"Will you take my hand to get up? I am sure, I was scared as much as you were."

"Now, if I could only believe that," said Alice, "my self-respect would soon return; for you do not seem likely to be frightened very easily."

She was blushing already, and now her confusion deepened, with the consciousness that the stranger might suppose her to be admiring his manly figure; of which, of course, she had not been thinking, even for one moment.

"I ought not to be so," he answered in the simplest manner possible: "but I had a sunstroke in America, fifteen months ago or so; and since that I have been good for nothing. May I tell you who I am?"

"Oh yes, I should like so much to know." Alice was surprised at herself as she spoke; but the stranger's unusually simple yet most courteous manner led her on.

"I am one Joyce Aylmer, not very well known; though at one time I hoped to become so. A major in his Majesty's service" — here he lifted his hat and bowed — "but on the sick-list ever since we fought the Americans at Fort Detroit."

"Oh, Major Aylmer, I have often heard of you, and how you fell into a sad brain-fever, through saving the life of a poor little child. My uncle, Mr. Hales, knows you, I believe, and has known your father for many years."

"That is so. And I am almost sure that I must be talking to Miss Lorraine, the daughter of Sir Roland Lorraine, whom my father has often wished to know."

"Yes. And perhaps you know my brother, who has served in the Peninsula, and is now lying very ill at home."

"I am sorry indeed to hear that of him. I know him, of course, by reputation, as the hero of Badajos; but I think I was ordered across the Atlantic before he joined; or, at any rate, I never met him that I know of — though I shall hope to do so soon. May I see you across this lonely hill? Having frightened you so, I may claim the right to prevent any others from doing it."

Alice would have declined the escort of any other stranger; but she had heard

such noble stories of this Major Aylmer, and felt such pity for a brave career baffled by its own bravery (which in some degree resembled her poor brother's fortunes), that she gave him one of her soft bright smiles, such a smile as he never had received before. Therefore he set down his broad sketch-book, and the case of pencils, and went to the rim of the Ring that looks towards the vale of Sussex; and there he shouted, to countermand the groom, who had been waiting for him at the farmhouse far below.

"I am ordered to ride about," he said, as he returned to Alice, "and to be out of doors all day—a very pleasant medicine. And so, for something to do, I have taken up my old trick of drawing; because I must not follow hounds. I would not talk so about myself, except to show you how it was that you did not hear me moving."

"How soon it gets dark on the top of these hills!" cried Alice, most unscientifically. "I always believe that they feel it sooner, because they see the sun go down."

"That seems to me to be a fine idea," Joyce Aylmer answered, faithfully. And his mind was in a loose condition of reason all the way to Coombe Lorraine.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XI.

MAGNUS THE GOOD AND OTHERS.

ST. OLAF is the highest of these Norway kings, and is the last that much attracts us. For this reason, if a reason were not superfluous, we might here end our poor reminiscences of these dim sovereigns. But we will, nevertheless, for the sake of their connection with bits of English history, still hastily mention the names of one or two who follow, and who throw a momentary gleam of life and illumination on events and epochs that have fallen so extinct among ourselves at present, though once they were so momentous and memorable.

The new King Svein, from Jomsburg, Knut's natural son, had no success in Norway, nor seems to have deserved any. His English mother and he were found to be grasping, oppressive persons; and awoke, almost from the instant that Olaf

was suppressed and crushed away from Norway into Heaven, universal odium more and more in that country. Well-deservedly, as still appears; for their taxings and extortions of malt, of herding, of meal, smithwork and every article taxable in Norway, were extreme; and their service to the country otherwise nearly imperceptible. In brief their one basis there was the power of Knut the Great; and that, like all earthly things, was liable to sudden collapse,—and it suffered such in a notable degree. King Knut, hardly yet of middle age, and the greatest king in the then world, died at Shaftesbury, in 1035 as Dahlmann thinks,*—leaving two legitimate sons and a busy, intriguing widow (Norman Emma, widow of Ethelred the Unready), mother of the younger of these two; neither of whom proved to have any talent or any continuance. In spite of Emma's utmost efforts, Harald, the elder son of Knut, not hers, got Engiand for his kingdom; Emma and her Harda-Knut had to be content with Denmark, and go thither, much against their will. Harald in England,—light-going little figure like his father before him,—got the name of Harefoot here; and might have done good work among his now orderly and settled people; but he died almost within year and day; and has left no trace among us, except that of "Harefoot," from his swift mode of walking. Emma and her Harda-Knut now returned joyful to Engiand. But the violent, idle and drunken Harda-Knut did no good there; and, happily for England and him, soon suddenly ended, by stroke of apoplexy at a marriage-festival, as mentioned above. In Denmark he had done still less good. And indeed, under him, in a year or two, the grand imperial edifice, laboriously built by Knut's valour and wisdom, had already tumbled all to the ground, in a most unexpected and remarkable way. As we are now to indicate with all brevity.

Svein's tyrannies in Norway had wrought such fruit that, within the four years after Olaf's death, the chief men in Norway, the very slayers of King Olaf, Kalf Arneson at the head of them, met secretly once or twice; and unanimously agreed that Kalf Arneson must go to Sweden, or to Russia itself; seek young Magnus, son of Olaf, home: excellent

* Saxon Chronicle says: "1035. In this year died King Knut. . . . He departed at Shaftesbury, November 12, and they conveyed him thence to Winchester and there buried him."

Magnus, to be king over all Norway and them, instead of this intolerable Svein. Which was at once done,—Magnus brought home in a kind of triumph, all Norway waiting for him. Intolerable Svein had already been rebelled against: some years before this, a certain young Tryggve out of Ireland, authentic son of Olaf Tryggveson and of that fine Irish princess who chose him in his low habiliments and low estate, and took him over to her own Green Island,—this royal young Tryggve Olafson had invaded the usurper Svein, in a fierce, valiant and determined manner; and though with too small a party, showed excellent fight for some time; till Svein, zealously bestirring himself, managed to get him beaten and killed. But that was a couple of years ago; the party still too small, not including one and all as now! Svein, without stroke of sword this time, moved off towards Denmark; never shewing face in Norway again. His drunken brother, Harda-Knut, received him brother-like; even gave him some territory to rule over and subsist upon. But he lived only a short while; was gone before Harda-Knut himself; and we will mention him no more.

Magnus was a fine bright young fellow, and proved a valiant, wise, and successful king, known among his people as Magnus the Good. He was only natural son of King Olaf; but that made little difference in those times and there. His strange-looking, unexpected Latin name he got in this way: Alfild, his mother, a slave through ill-luck of war, though nobly-born, was seen to be in a hopeful way; and it was known in the king's house how intimately Olaf was connected with that occurrence, and how much he loved this "king's serving-maid," as she was commonly designated. Alfild was brought to bed late at night; and all the world, especially King Olaf, was asleep; Olaf's strict rule, then and always, being, don't awaken me:—seemingly a man sensitive about his sleep. The child was a boy of rather weakly aspect; no important person present, except Sigvat, the king's Icelandic skald, who happened to be still awake; and the Bishop of Norway, who, I suppose, had been sent for in hurry. "What is to be done?" said the bishop, "here is an infant in pressing need of baptism; and we know not what the name is: go, Sigvat, awaken the king, and ask." "I dare not for my life," answered Sigvat. "King's orders are rigorous on that point." "But if the

child die unbaptized," said the bishop shuddering; too certain, he and everybody, where the child would go in that case! "I will myself give him a name," said Sigvat, with a desperate concentration of all his faculties; "he shall be namesake of the greatest of mankind,—imperial Carolus Magnus; let us call the infant Magnus!" King Olaf, on the morrow, asked rather sharply how Sigvat had dared take such a liberty; but excused Sigvat, seeing what the perilous alternative was. And Magnus, by such accident, this boy was called; and he, not another, is the prime origin and introducer of that name Magnus, which occurs rather frequently, not among the Norway kings only, but by-and-by among the Danish and Swedish; and, among the Scandinavian populations, appears to be rather frequent to this day.

Magnus, a youth of great spirit, whose own, and standing at his beck, all Norway now was, immediately smote home on Denmark; desirous naturally of vengeance for what it had done to Norway, and the sacred kindred of Magnus. Denmark, its great Knut gone, and nothing but a drunken Harda-Knut, fugitive Svein and Co., there in his stead, was become a weak dislocated country. And Magnus plundered it, burnt it, beat it, as often as he pleased; Harda-Knut struggling what he could to make resistance or reprisals, but never once getting any victory over Magnus. Magnus, I perceive, was, like his father, a skilful as well as valiant fighter by sea and land; Magnus, with good battalions, and probably backed by immediate alliance with Heaven and St. Olaf, as was then the general belief or surmise about him, could not easily be beaten. And the truth is, he never was, by Harda-Knut or any other. Harda-Knut's last transaction with him was, to make a firm peace and even family treaty sanctioned by all the grantees of both countries, who did indeed mainly themselves make it; their two kings assenting: That there should be perpetual peace, and no thought of war more, between Denmark and Norway; and that, if either of the kings died childless while the other was reigning, the other should succeed him in both kingdoms. A magnificent arrangement, such as has several times been made in the world's history; but which in this instance, what is very singular, took actual effect; drunken Harda-Knut dying so speedily, and Magnus being the man he was. One would like to give the date.

of this remarkable treaty; but cannot with precision. Guess somewhere about 1040: * actual fruition of it came to Magnus, beyond question, in 1042, when Harda-Knut drank that wassail bowl at the wedding in Lambeth, and fell down dead; which in the Saxon Chronicle is dated 3rd June of that year. Magnus at once went to Denmark on hearing this event; was joyfully received by the head men there, who indeed, with their fellows in Norway, had been main contrivers of the treaty; both countries longing for mutual peace, and the end of such incessant broils.

Magnus was triumphantly received as king in Denmark. The only unfortunate thing was, that Svein Estrithson, the exile son of Ulf, Knut's brother-in-law, whom Knut, as we saw, had summarily killed twelve years before, emerged from his exile in Sweden in a flattering form; and proposed that Magnus should make him jarl of Denmark, and general administrator there, in his own stead. To which the sanguine Magnus, in spite of advice to the contrary, insisted on acceding. "Too powerful a jarl," said Einar Tamberskelver—the same Einar whose bow was heard to break in Olaf Tryggveson's last battle ("Norway breaking from thy hand, king!"), who had now become Magnus's chief man, and had long been among the highest chiefs of Norway; "too powerful a jarl," said Einar earnestly. But Magnus disregarded it; and a troublesome experience had to teach him that it was true. In about a year, crafty Svein, bringing ends to meet, got himself declared king of Denmark for his own behoof, instead of jarl for another's: and had to be beaten and driven out by Magnus. Beaten every year; but almost always returned next year, for a new beating,—almost, though not altogether; having at length got one dreadful smashing-down and half-killing, which held him quiet a while,—so long as Magnus lived. Nay in the end, he made good his point, as if by mere patience in being beaten; and did become king himself, and progenitor of all the kings that followed. King Svein Estrithson; so-called from Astrid or Estrith, his mother, the great Knut's sister, daughter of Svein Fork-beard by that amazing Sigrid the Proud, who *burnt* those two ineligible suitors of hers both at once, and got a switch on the face

from Olaf Tryggveson, which proved the death of that high man.

But all this high fortune of the often beaten Estrithson was posterior to Magnus's death; who never would have suffered it, had he been alive. Magnus was a mighty fighter; a fiery man; very proud and positive, among other qualities, and had such luck as was never seen before. Luck invariably good, said everybody; never once was beaten,—which proves, continued everybody, that his father Olaf and the miraculous power of Heaven were with him always. Magnus, I believe, did put down a great deal of anarchy in those countries. One of his earliest enterprises was to abolish Jomsburg, and trample out that nest of pirates. Which he managed so completely that Jomsburg remained a mere reminiscence thenceforth; and its place is not now known to any mortal.

One perverse thing did at last turn up in the course of Magnus: a new claimant for the crown of Norway, and he a formidable person withal. This was Harald, half-brother of the late Saint Olaf; uncle or half-uncle, therefore, of Magnus himself. Indisputable son of the saint's mother by St. Olaf's stepfather, who was himself descended straight from Harald Haarfagr. This new Harald was already much heard of in the world. As an ardent boy of fifteen he had fought at King Olaf's side at Sticklestad; would not be admonished by the saint to go away. Got smitten down there, not killed; was smuggled away that night from the field by friendly help; got cured of his wounds, forwarded to Russia, where he grew to man's estate, under bright auspices and successes. Fell in love with the Russian princess, but could not get her to wife; went off thereupon to Constantinople as *Væring* (life-guardsmen of the Greek Kaiser); became chief captain of the *Væringers*, invincible champion of the poor Kaisers that then were, and filled all the East with the shine and noise of his exploits. An authentic *Waring* or *Baring*, such the surname we now have derived from these people; who were an important institution in those Greek countries for several ages: *Væring* life-guard, consisting of Norsemen, with sometimes a few English among them. Harald had innumerable adventures, nearly always successful, sing the skalds; gained a great deal of wealth, gold ornaments, and gold coin; had even Queen Zoe (so they sing, though falsely) enam-

* Munch gives the date 1038 (ii. §40), Adam of Bremen 1040.

oured of him at one time; and was himself a skald of eminence; some of whose verses, by no means the worst of their kind, remain to this day.

This character of Waring much distinguishes Harald to me; the only Væringers of whom I could ever get the least biography, true or half-true. It seems the Greek history-books but indifferently correspond with these saga records; and scholars say there could have been no considerable romance between Zoe and him, Zoe at that date being sixty years of age! Harald's own lays say nothing of any Zoe, but are still full of longing for his Russian princess far away.

At last, what with Zoes, what with Greek perversities and perfidies, and troubles that could not fail, he determined on quitting Greece; packed up his immensities of wealth in succinct shape, and actually returned to Russia, where new honours and favours awaited him from old friends, and especially, if I mistake not, the hand of that adorable princess, crown of all his wishes for the time being. Before long, however, he decided farther to look after his Norway royal heritages; and, for that purpose, sailed in force to the jarl or quasi-king of Denmark, the often-beaten Svein, who was now in Sweden on his usual winter exile after beating. Svein and he had evidently interests in common. Svein was charmed to see him, — so warlike, glorious and renowned a man, with masses of money about him too. Svein did by-and-by become treacherous; and even attempted, one night, to assassinate Harald in his bed on board ship: but Harald, vigilant of Svein, and a man of quick and sure insight, had providently gone to sleep elsewhere, leaving a log instead of himself among the blankets. In which log, next morning, treacherous Svein's battle-axe was found deeply sticking; and could not be removed without difficulty! But this was after Harald and King Magnus himself had begun treating; with the fairest prospects, — which this of the Svein battle-axe naturally tended to forward, as it altogether ended the other co-partnery.

Magnus, on first hearing of Væringers Harald and his intentions, made instant equipment, and determination to fight his uttermost, against the same. But wise persons of influence round him, as did the like sort round Væringers Harald, earnestly advised compromise and peaceable agreement. Which, soon after that of Svein's nocturnal battle-axe, was the

course adopted; and, to the joy of all parties, did prove a successful solution. Magnus agreed to part his kingdom with Uncle Harald; uncle parting his treasures, or uniting them with Magnus's poverty. Each was to be an independent king, but they were to govern in common; Magnus rather presiding. He to sit, for example, in the high seat alone; King Harald opposite him in a seat not quite so high, though if a stranger king came on visit, both the Norse kings were to sit in the high seat. With various other punctilious regulations; which the fiery Magnus was extremely strict with; rendering the mutual relation a very dangerous one, had not both the kings been honest men, and Harald a much more prudent and tolerant one than Magnus. They, on the whole, never had any weighty quarrel, thanks now and then rather to Harald than to Magnus. Magnus too was very noble; and Harald, with his wide experience and greater length of years, carefully held his heat of temper well covered in.

Prior to Uncle Harald's coming, Magnus had distinguished himself as a law-giver. His code of laws for the Trondhjem province was considered a pretty piece of legislation; and in subsequent times got the name of "Grey-goose" (Grågas); one of the wonderfulest names ever given to a wise book. Some say it came from the grey colour of the parchment, some give other incredible origins; the last guess I have heard is, that the name merely denotes antiquity; the witty name in Norway for a man growing old having been, in those times, that he was now becoming a grey-goose. Very fantastic indeed; certain, however, that "Grey-goose" is the name of that venerable law-book; nay, there is another, still more famous, belonging to Iceland, and not far from a century younger, the Iceland "Grey-goos." The Norway one is perhaps of date about 1037, the other of about 1118; peace be with them both! Or, if anybody is inclined to such matters, let him go to Dahlmann, for the amplest information and such minuteness of detail as might almost enable him to be an advocate, with silk gown, in any court depending on these Grey-geese.

Magnus did not live long. He had a dream one night of his father Olaf's coming to him in shining presence, and announcing, That a magnificent fortune and world-great renown was now possible for him; but that perhaps it was his duty

to refuse it; in which case, his earthly life would be short. "Which way wilt thou do, then?" said the shining presence. "Thou shalt decide for me, father, thou, not I!" and told his Uncle Harald on the morrow, adding that he thought he should now soon die; which proved to be the fact. The magnificent fortune, so questionable otherwise, has reference, no doubt, to the conquest of England; to which country Magnus, as rightful and actual king of *Denmark*, as well as undisputed heir to drunken Harda-Knut, by treaty long ago, had now some evident claim. The enterprise itself was reserved to the patient, gay, and prudent Uncle Harald; and to him it did prove fatal,—and merely paved the way for another, luckier, not likelier!

Svein Estrithson, always beaten during Magnus's life, by-and-by got an agreement from the prudent Harald to be king of Denmark, then; and end these wearisome and ineffectual brabbles; Harald having other work to do. But in the autumn of 1066, Tosti, a younger son of our English Earl Godwin, came to Svein's court with a most important announcement; namely, that King Edward the Confessor, so-called, was dead, and that Harald, as the English write it, his eldest brother, would give him, Tosti, no sufficient share in the kingship. Which state of matters, if Svein would go ahead with him to rectify it, would be greatly to the advantage of Svein. Svein, taught by many beatings, was too wise for this proposal; refused Tosti, who indignantly stepped over into Norway, and proposed it to King Harald there. Svein really had acquired considerable teaching, I should guess, from his much beating and hard experience in the world; one finds him afterwards the esteemed friend of the famed historian Adam of Bremen, who reports various wise humanities, and pleasant discourings with Svein Estrithson.

As for Harald Hardradé, "Harald the Hard or Severe," as he was now called, Tosti's proposal awakened in him all his old Væringers ambitions and cupidities into blazing vehemence. He zealously consented; and at once, with his whole strength, embarked in the adventure. Fitted out two hundred ships, and the biggest army he could carry in them; and sailed with Tosti towards the dangerous promised land. Got into the Tyne, and took booty; got into the Humber, thence into the Ouse; easily subdued any opposition the official people or their

populations could make; victoriously scattered these, victoriously took the city of York in a day; and even got himself homaged there,—"King of Northumberland," as per covenant,—Tosti proving honourable,—Tosti and he going with faithful strict co-partnery, and all things looking prosperous and glorious. Except only (an important exception!) that they learnt for certain, English Harold was advancing with all his strength; and, in a measurable space of hours, unless care were taken, would be in York himself. Harald and Tosti hastened off to seize the post of Stamford Bridge on Derwent River, six or seven miles east of York City, and there bar this dangerous advent. Their own ships lay not far off in Ouse River, in case of the worst. The battle that ensued the next day, September 20, 1066, is forever memorable in English history.

Snorro gives vividly enough his view of it from the Icelandic side: A ring of stalwart Norsemen, close ranked, with their steel tools in hand; English Harold's army, mostly cavalry, prancing and pricking all round; trying to find or make some opening in that ring. For a long time trying in vain, till at length, getting them enticed to burst out somewhere in pursuit, they quickly turned round and quickly made an end of that matter. Snorro represents English Harold, with a first party of these horse coming up, and, with preliminary salutations, asking if Tosti were there, and if Harald were; making generous proposals to Tosti; but in regard to Harald and what share of England was to be his, answering Tosti with the words, "Seven feet of English earth, or more if he require it, for a grave." Upon which Tosti, like an honourable man and co-partner, said, "No, never; let us fight you rather till we all die." "Who is this that spoke to you?" inquired Harald, when the cavaliers had withdrawn. "My brother Harold," answers Tosti, which looks rather like a saga, but may be historical after all. Snorro's history of the battle is intelligible only after you have premised to it, what he never hints at, that the scene was on the east side of the bridge and of the Derwent; the great struggle for the bridge, one at last finds, was after the fall of Harald; and to the English chroniclers, said struggle, which was abundantly severe, is all they know of the battle.

Enraged at that breaking loose of his steel ring of infantry, Norse Harald

blazed up into true Norse fury, all the old Væringers and Berserkir rage awakening in him; sprang forth into the front of the fight, and mauled and cut and smashed down, on both hands of him, everything he met, irresistible by any horse or man, till an arrow cut him through the windpipe, and laid him low forever. That was the end of King Harald and of his workings in this world. The circumstance that he was a Waring or Baring, and had smitten to pieces so many Oriental cohorts or crowds, and had made love-verses (kind of *iron mardrigals*) to his Russian princess, and caught the fancy of questionable Greek queens, and had amassed such heaps of money, while poor nephew Magnus had only one gold ring (which had been his father's, and even his father's *mother's*, as uncle Harald noticed), and nothing more whatever of that precious metal to combine with Harald's treasures:—all this is new to me, naturally no hint of it in any English book; and lends some gleam of romantic splendour to that dim business of Stamford Bridge, now fallen so dull and torpid to most English minds, transcendently important as it once was to all Englishmen. Adam of Bremen says the English got as much gold plunder from Harald's people as was a heavy burden for twelve men; * a thing evidently impossible, which nobody need try to believe. Young Olaf, Harald's son, age about sixteen, steering down the Ouse at the top of his speed, escaped home to Norway with all his ships, and subsequently reigned there with Magnus, his brother. Harald's body did lie in English earth for about a year; but was then brought to Norway for burial. He needed more than seven feet of grave, say some; Laing, interpreting Snorro's measurements, makes Harald eight feet in stature,—I do hope, with some error in excess!

CHAPTER XII.

OLAF THE TRANQUIL, MAGNUS BARE-FOOT, AND SIGURD THE CRUSADER.

THE new King Olaf, his brother Magnus having soon died, bore rule in Norway for some five-and-twenty years. Rule soft and gentle, not like his father's, and inclining rather to improvement in the arts and elegancies than to anything severe or dangerously laborious. A slim-built, witty-talking, popular and pretty

man, with uncommonly bright eyes, and hair like floss-silk: they called him Olaf *Kyrre* (the Tranquil or Easy-going).

The ceremonials of the palace were much improved by him. Palace still continued to be built of huge logs pyramidentally sloping upwards, with fireplace in the middle of the floor, and no egress for smoke or ingress for light except right over head, which, in bad weather, you could shut, or all but shut, with a lid. Lid originally made of mere opaque board, but changed latterly into a light frame, covered (*glazed* so to speak) with entrails of animals, clarified into something of pellucidity. All this Olaf, I hope, further perfected, as he did the placing of the court-ladies, court-officials, and the like; but I doubt if the luxury of a glass window were ever known to him, or a cup to drink from that was not made of metal or iron. In fact it is chiefly for his son's sake I mention him here; and with the son, too, I have little real concern, but only a kind of fantastic.

This son bears the name of Magnus *Barfod* (Barefoot, or Bareleg); and if you ask why so, the answer is: He was used to appear in the streets of Nidaros (Trondhjem) now and then in complete Scotch Highland dress. Authentic tartan plaid and philibeg, at that epoch,—to the wonder of Trondhjem and us! the truth is, he had a mighty fancy for these Hebrides and other Scotch possessions of his; and seeing England now quite impossible, eagerly speculated on some conquest in Ireland as next best. He did, in fact, go diligently voyaging and inspecting among those Orkney and Hebridian Isles; putting everything straight there, appointing stringent authorities, jarls,—nay, a king, "Kingdom of the Suderöer" (Southern Isles, now called *Sodor*),—and, as first king, Sigurd, his pretty little boy of nine years. All which done, and some quarrel with Sweden fought out, he seriously applied himself to visiting in a still more emphatic manner; namely, to invading, with his best skill and strength, the considerable virtual or actual kingdom he had in Ireland, intending fully to enlarge it to the utmost limits of the island if possible. He got prosperously into Dublin (guess A.D. 1102). Considerable authority he already had, even among those poor Irish kings, or kinglets in their glibs and yellow saffron gowns; still more, I suppose, among the numerous Norse principalities there. "King Murdog, King of Ireland," says the Chronicle of Man,

* Camden, Rapin, &c., quote.

"had obliged himself, every Yule-day, to take a pair of shoes, hang them over his shoulder, as your servant does on a journey, and walk across his court at bidding, and in presence of, Magnus Barefoot's messenger, by way of homage to the said king." Murdog on this greater occasion did whatever homage could be required of him; but that, though comfortable, was far from satisfying the great king's ambitious mind. The great king left Murdog; left his own Dublin; marched off westward on a general conquest of Ireland. Marched easily victorious for a time; had got, some say, into the wilds of Connaught, but there saw himself beset by ambuscades and wild Irish countenances intent on mischief, and had, on the sudden, to draw up for battle;—place, I regret to say, altogether undiscoverable to me; known only that it was boggy in the extreme. Certain enough, too certain and evident, Magnus Barefoot, searching eagerly, could find no firm footing there; nor, fighting furiously up to the knees or deeper, any result but honourable death! Date is confidently marked "24 August, 1103,"—as if people knew the very day of the month. The natives did humanely give King Magnus Christian burial. The remnants of his force, without farther molestation, found their ships on the coast of Ulster; and sailed home,—without conquest of Ireland; nay, perhaps leaving royal Murdog disposed to be relieved of his procession with the pair of shoes.

Magnus Barefoot left three sons, all kings at once, reigning peaceably together. But to us, at present, the only noteworthy one of them was Sigurd; who, finding nothing special to do at home, left his brothers to manage for him, and went off on a far voyage, which has rendered him distinguishable in the crowd. Voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar, on to Jerusalem, thence to Constantinople; and so home through Russia, shining with such renown as filled all Norway for the time being. A king called Sigurd Jorsalafarer (*Jersusalem*) or Sigurd the Crusader henceforth. His voyage had been only partially of the viking type; in general it was of the royal-progress kind rather; vikingism only intervening in cases of incivility or the like. His reception in the courts of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Italy, had been honourable and sumptuous. The king of Jerusalem broke out into utmost splen-

dour and effusion at sight of such a pilgrim; and Constantinople did its highest honours to such a prince of Væringers. And the truth is, Sigurd intrinsically was a wise, able and prudent man; who, surviving both his brothers, reigned a good while alone in a solid and successful way. He shows features of an original, independent, thinking man; something of ruggedly strong, sincere and honest, with peculiarities that are amiable and even pathetic in the character and temperament of him; as certainly, the course of life he took was of his own choosing, and peculiar enough. He happens furthermore to be, what he least of all could have chosen or expected, the last of the Haarfagr genealogy that had any success, or much deserved any, in this world. The last of the Haarfags, or as good as the last! So that, singular to say, it is in reality, for one thing only that Sigurd, after all his crusadings and wonderful adventures, is memorable to us here: the advent of an Irish gentleman called "Gylle Krist" (Gilchrist, servant of Christ), who,—not over welcome, I should think, but (unconsciously) big with the above result,—appeared in Norway, while King Sigurd was supreme. Let us explain a little.

This Gylle Krist, the unconsciously fatal individual, who "spoke Norse imperfectly," declared himself to be the natural son of whilom Magnus Barefoot; born to him there while engaged in that unfortunate "conquest of Ireland." "Here is my mother come with me," said Gilchrist, "who declares my real baptismal name to have been Harald, given me by that great king; and who will carry the red-hot ploughshares or do any reasonable ordeal in testimony of these facts. I am King Sigurd's veritable half-brother: what will King Sigurd think it fair to do with me?" Sigurd clearly seems to have believed the man to be speaking truth; and indeed nobody to have doubted but he was. Sigurd said, "Honourable sustenance shalt thou have from me here. But, under pain of extirpation, swear that, neither in my time, nor in that of my young son Magnus, wilt thou ever claim any share in this government." Gylle swore; and punctually kept his promise during Sigurd's reign. But during Magnus's, he conspicuously broke it; and, in result, through many reigns, and during three or four generations afterwards, produced unspeakable contentions, massacres, confusions in the country he had adopt-

ed. There are reckoned, from the time of Sigurd's death, (A.D. 1130), about a hundred years of civil war: no king allowed to distinguish himself by a solid reign of well-doing, or by any continuing reign at all,—sometimes as many as four kings simultaneously fighting;—and in Norway, from sire to son, nothing but sanguinary anarchy, disaster, and bewilderment; a country sinking steadily as if towards absolute ruin. Of all which frightful misery and discord Irish Gylle, styled afterwards King Harald Gylle, was by ill destiny and otherwise, the visible origin: an illegitimate Irish Haarfagr who proved to be his own destruction, and that of the Haarfagr kindred altogether!

Sigurd himself seems always to have rather favoured Gylle, who was a cheerful, shrewd, patient, witty, and effective fellow; and had at first much quizzing to endure, from the younger kind, on account of his Irish way of speaking Norse, and for other reasons. One evening, for example, while the drink was going round, Gylle mentioned that the Irish had a wonderful talent of swift running, and that there were among them people who could keep up with the swiftest horse. At which, especially from young Magnus, there were peals of laughter; and a declaration from the latter that Gylle and he would have it tried to-morrow morning! Gylle in vain urged that he had not himself professed to be so swift a runner as to keep up with the prince's horses; but only that there were men in Ireland who could. Magnus was positive; and, early next morning, Gylle had to be on the ground; and the race, naturally under heavy bet, actually went off. Gylle started parallel to Magnus's stirrup; ran like a very roe, and was clearly ahead at the goal. "Unfair," said Magnus; "thou must have had hold of my stirrup-leather, and helped thyself along; we must try it again." Gylle ran behind the horse this second time; then at the end sprang forward; and again was fairly in ahead. "Thou must have held by the tail," said Magnus; "not by fair running was this possible; we must try a third time!" Gylle started ahead of Magnus and his horse, this third time; kept ahead with increasing distance, Magnus galloping his very best; and reached the goal more palpably foremost than ever. So that Magnus had to pay his bet, and other damage and humiliation. And got from his father, who heard

of it soon afterwards, scoffing and rebuke as a silly fellow, who did not know the worth of men but only the clothes and rank of them, and well deserved what he had got from Gylle. All the time King Sigurd lived, Gylle seems to have had good recognition and protection from that famous man; and, indeed, to have gained favour all round, by his quiet social demeanour and the qualities he shewed.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAGNUS THE BLIND, HARALD GYLLE, AND MUTUAL EXTINCTION OF THE HAARFAGRS.

ON Sigurd the Crusader's death, Magnus naturally came to the throne; Gylle keeping silence and a cheerful face for the time. But it was not long till claim arose on Gylle's part, till war and fight arose between Magnus and him, till the skilful, popular, ever-active and shifty Gylle had entirely beaten Magnus; put out his eyes; mutilated the poor body of him in a horrid and unnamable manner, and shut him up in a convent as out of the game henceforth. There in his dark misery Magnus lived now as a monk; called "Magnus the Blind" by those Norse populations; King Harald Gylle reigning victoriously in his stead. But this also was only for a time. There arose avenging kinsfolk of Magnus, who had no Irish accent in their Norse, and were themselves eager enough to bear rule in their native country. By one of these, a terribly strong-handed, fighting, violent, and regardless fellow, who also was a bastard of Magnus Barefoot's, and had been made a priest, but liked it unbearably ill and had broken loose from it into the wildest courses at home and abroad; so that his current name got to be "Slembi-diakn," Slim or Ill Deacon, under which he is much noised of in Snorro and the sagas; by this Slim-Deacon, Gylle was put an end to (murdered by night, drunk in his sleep); and poor blind Magnus was brought out, and again set to act as king, or king's cloak, in hopes Gylle's posterity would never rise to victory more. But Gylle's posterity did, to victory and also to defeat, and were the death of Magnus and of Slim-Deacon too, in a frightful way; and all got their own death by-and-by in a ditto. In brief, these two kindreds (reckoned to be authentic enough Haarfagr people, both kinds of them) proved now to have become a veritable crop of dragon's

teeth; who mutually fought, plotted, struggled, as if it had been their life's business; never ended fighting, and seldom long intermitted it, till they had exterminated one another, and did at last all rest in death. One of these later Gylle temporary kings I remember by the name of Harald Herdebred, Harald with the Broad Shoulders. The very last of them I think was Harald Mund (Harald with the Wry-Mouth), who gave rise to two impostors, pretending to be sons of his, a good while after the poor Wry-Mouth itself and all its troublesome belongings were quietly underground. What Norway suffered during that sad century may be imagined.

CHAPTER XIV.

SVERRIR AND DESCENDANTS, TO HAKON THE OLD.

THE end of it was, or rather the first abatement, and *beginning* of the end. That, when all this had gone on ever worsening for some forty years or so, one Sverrir (A.D. 1177), at the head of an armed mob of poor people called *Birkebeins*, came upon the scene. A strange enough figure in history, this Sverrir and his *Birkebeins*! At first a mere mockery and dismal laughing-stock to the enlightened Norway public. Nevertheless by unheard of fighting, hungering, exertion, and endurance, Sverrir, after ten years of such a death-wrestle against men and things, got himself accepted as king; and by wonderful expenditure of ingenuity, common cunning, unctuous parliamentary eloquence or almost popular preaching, and (it must be owned) general human faculty and valour (or value) in the overclouded and distorted state, did victoriously continue such. And founded a new dynasty in Norway, which ended only in Norway's separate existence, after near three hundred years.

This Sverrir called himself a son of Harald Wry-Mouth; but was in reality the son of a poor comb-maker in some little town of Norway; nothing heard of sonship to Wry-Mouth till after good success otherwise. His *Birkebeins* (that is to say, *Birchlegs*; the poor rebellious wretches having taken to the woods; and been obliged, besides their intolerable scarcity of food, to thatch their bodies from the cold with whatever covering could be got, and their legs especially with birch-bark; sad species of fleecy hosier; whence their nickname),—his

Birkebeins I guess always to have been a kind of Norse *Jacquerie*: desperate rising of thralls and indigent people, driven mad by their unendurable sufferings and famishings,—theirs the *deepest* stratum of misery, and the densest and heaviest, in this the general misery of Norway, which had lasted towards the third generation and looked as if it would last forever:—whereupon they had risen proclaiming, in this furious dumb manner, *unintelligible* except to Heaven, that the same could not, nor would not be endured any longer! And, by their Sverrir, strange to say, they did attain a kind of permanent success; and, from being a dismal laughing-stock in Norway, came to be important, and for a time all-important there. Their opposition nicknames, "*Baglers* (from *Bagall*, *baculus*, bishop's staff; Bishop Nicholas being chief leader)," "*Gold-legs*," and the like obscure terms (for there was still a considerable course of counter-fighting ahead, and especially of counter-nicknaming), I take to have meant in Norse prefigurement seven centuries ago, "bloated aristocracy," "tyrannous *Bourgeoisie*,"—till, in the next century, these rents were got closed again!—

King Sverrir, not himself bred to comb-making, had, in his fifth year, gone to an uncle, bishop in the *Färöe* Islands; and got some considerable education from him, with a view to priesthood on the part of Sverrir. But, not liking that career, Sverrir had fled and smuggled himself over to the *Birkebeins*, who, noticing the learned tongue, and other miraculous qualities of the man, proposed to make him captain of them; and even threatened to kill him if he would not accept,—which thus at the sword's point, as Sverrir says, he was obliged to do. It was after this that he thought of becoming son of Wry-Mouth and other higher things.

His *Birkebeins* and he had certainly a talent of campaigning which has hardly ever been equalled. They fought like devils against any odds of number; and before battle they have been known to march six days together without food, except perhaps, the inner bark of trees, and in such clothing and shoeing as mere birch-bark:—at one time, somewhere in the *Dovre*feld, there was serious counsel held among them whether they should not all, as one man, leap down into the frozen gulphs and precipices, or at once massacre one another wholly, and so finish. Of their

conduct in battle, fiercer than that of *Baresarks*, where was there ever seen the parallel? In truth they are a dim strange object to one, in that black time; wondrously bringing light into it withal; and proved to be, under such unexpected circumstances, the beginning of better days!

Of Sverrir's public speeches there still exist authentic specimens; wonderful indeed, and much characteristic of such a Sverrir. A comb-maker king, evidently meaning several good and solid things, and effecting them too, atwart such an element of Norwegian chaos-come-again. His descendants and successors were a comparatively respectable kin. The last and greatest of them I shall mention is Hakon VII., or Hakon the Old; whose fame is still lively among us, from the Battle of Largs at least.

CHAPTER XV.

HAKON THE OLD AT LARGS.

In the Norse annals our famous Battle of Largs makes small figure, or almost none at all among Hakon's battles and feats. They do say indeed, these Norse annalists, that the king of Scotland, Alexander III. (who had such a fate among the crags about Kinghorn in time coming), was very anxious to purchase from King Hakon his sovereignty of the Western Isles; but that Hakon pointedly refused; and at length, being again importuned and bothered on the business, decided on giving a refusal that could not be mistaken. Decided, namely, to go with a big expedition, and look thoroughly into that wing of his dominions; where no doubt much has fallen awry since Magnus Barefoot's grand visit thither, and seems to be inviting the cupidity of bad neighbours! "All this we will put right again," thinks Hakon, "and gird it up into a safe and defensive posture." Hakon sailed accordingly, with a strong fleet; adjusting and rectifying among his Hebrides as he went along, and landing withal on the Scotch coast to plunder and punish as he thought fit. The Scots say he had claimed of them Arran, Bute and the two Cumbraes ("given my ancestors by Donald Bain," said Hakon, to the amazement of the Scots) "as part of the Sudöer" (Southern Isles):—so far from selling that fine kingdom!—and that it was after taking both Arran and Bute that he made his descent at Largs.

Of Largs there is no mention whatever in Norse books. But beyond any doubt,

such is the other evidence, Hakon did land there; land and fight, not conquering, probably rather beaten; and very certainly "retiring to his ships," as in either case he behoved to do! It is further certain he was dreadfully maltreated by the weather on those wild coasts; and altogether credible, as the Scotch records bear, that he was so at Largs very specially. The Norse records or sagas say merely, he lost many of his ships by the tempests, and many of his men by land fighting in various parts,—tacitly including Largs, no doubt, which was the last of these misfortunes to him. "In the battle here he lost 15,000 men, say the Scots, we 5,000"! Divide these numbers by ten, and the excellently brief and lucid Scottish summary by Buchanan may be taken as the approximately true and exact.* Date of the battle is A.D. 1263.

To this day, on a little plain to the south of the village, now town, of Largs, in Ayrshire, there are seen stone cairns and monumental heaps, and, until within a century ago, one huge, solitary, upright stone; still mutely testifying to a battle there—altogether clearly, to this battle of King Hakon's; who by the Norse records, too, was in these neighbourhoods at that same date, and evidently in an aggressive, high kind of humour. For "while his ships and army were doubling the Mull of Cantire, he had his own boat set on wheels, and therein, splendidly enough, had himself drawn across the promontory at a flatter part," no doubt with horns sounding, banners waving. "All to the left of me is mine and Norway's," exclaimed Hakon in his triumphant boat-progress, which such disasters soon followed.

Hakon gathered his wrecks together, and sorrowfully made for Orkney. It is possible enough, as our guide-books now say, he may have gone by Iona, Mull and the narrow seas inside of Skye; and that the *Kyle Akin*, favourably known to sea-bathers in that region, may actually mean the *Kyle* (narrow strait) of Hakon, where Hakon may have dropped anchor, and rested for a little while in smooth water and beautiful environment, safe from equinoctial storms. But poor Hakon's heart was now broken. He went to Orkney; died there in the winter; never beholding Norway more.

He it was who got Iceland, which had

* *Buchanan Hist.*, i. 130.

been a republic for four centuries, united to his kingdom of Norway; a long and intricate operation, — much presided over by our Snorro Sturleson, so often quoted here, who indeed lost his life (by assassination from his sons-in-law) and out of great wealth sank at once into poverty of zero, — one midnight in his own cellar, in the course of that bad business. Hakon was a great politician in his time; and succeeded in many things before he lost Largs. Snorro's death by murder had happened about twenty years before Hakon's by broken heart. He is called Hakon the Old, though one finds his age was but fifty-nine, probably a longish life for a Norway king. Snorro's narrative ceases when Snorro himself was born; that is to say, at the threshold of King Sverrir; of whose exploits and doubtful birth it is guessed by some that Snorro willingly forebore to speak in the hearing of such a Hakon.

CHAPTER XVI.

EPILOGUE.

HAARFAGR's kindred lasted some three centuries in Norway; Sverrir's lasted into its third century there; how long after this, among the neighbouring kingdoms, I did not enquire. For, by regal affinities, consanguinities, and unexpected chances and changes, the three Scandinavian kingdoms fell all peaceably together under Queen Margaret, of the Calmar Union (A. D. 1397); and Norway, incorporated now with Denmark, needed no more kings.

The history of these Haarfags has awakened in me many thoughts of despotism and democracy, arbitrary government by one, and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all; of dictatorship with many faults, and universal suffrage with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Trygvesson and a Universal-Suffrage Parliament or an "Imperial" Copper Captain has, in these nine centuries, grown to be very great. And the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike these entities with their epochs, is not *its* course still through the great deep? Does not it still speak to us, if we have ears? Here, clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of human order, regulation, and real government; there, clothed in a highly dif-

ferent, but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of order, regulation, and government; — very dismal to the sane onlooker for the time being; not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast! But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre, one looks with interest on the first transformation so mysterious and abstruse, of human Chaos into something of articulate Cosmos; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of human society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now), no Cosmos of human society ever was got into existence, nor can ever again be.

The violences, fightings, crimes — ah yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations, there was one saving element; the now want of which, especially the unlamented want, transcends all lamentation. Here is one of these strange, piercing, winged words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come:

"My friends, the follies of modern Liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes, and spherical benevolences, — theology of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and unworth in anything, and least of all in man; whereas nature and heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, 'Who is best man?' and the Fates forgive much, — forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruelest experiments, — if fairly made for the determination of that. Theft and blood-guiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet the favouring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in fair arbitrament of that question, 'Who is best man?' But if you refuse such enquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbour's match, — if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and mate-

rial worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upwards; and your robbing and slaying must be done then to find out 'Who is *worst* man?' Which, in so wide an order of merit, is indeed, not easy; but a complete Tammany ring, and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find and to be governed by."*

All readers will admit that there was something naturally royal in these Haarfagr kings. A wildly great kind of kindred; counts in it two heroes of a high, or almost highest, type: the first two Olafs, Tryggveson and the Saint. And the view of them, withal, as we chance to have it, I have often thought, how essentially Homeric it was:—indeed what is "Homer" himself but the *rhapsody* of five centuries of Greek skalds and wandering ballad-singers, done (*i.e.* "stitched together") by somebody more musical than Snorro was? Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form; offering me the truth of them as if seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorro) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of nature, seen as they veritably were; fairly comparable or superior to godlike Achilles, goddess-wounding Diomedes, much more to the two Atreidai, regulators of the peoples.

I have also thought often what a book might be made of Snorro, did there but arise a man furnished with due literary insight, and indefatigable diligence; who, faithfully acquainting himself with the topography, the monumental relics and illustrative actualities of Norway, carefully scanning the best testimonies as to place and time which that country can still give him, carefully the best collateral records and chronologies of other countries, and who, himself possessing the highest faculty of a poet, could, abridging, arranging, elucidating, reduce Snorro to a polished cosmic state, unweariedly purging away his much chaotic matter! A modern "highest kind of poet," capable of unlimited, slavish labour withal;—who, I fear, is not soon to be expected in this world, or likely to find his task in the "*Heimskringla*" if he did appear here.

* *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XIV. pp. 8-10.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MISS ANGEL.

CHAPTER X.

PENELLO VOLANTE.

MISS ANGEL tried the first morning to turn her mind to her "Arcadia," and began to sketch it upon the canvas, but it was in vain; she could not apply, and no wonder, for all London seemed to come between her and her tranquillity. To her great relief and satisfaction, the door opened very soon, and Lady W. came into the painting-room: "Now, my sweet Kauffmann; leave your work," she cried. "Come, child, come! I have ordered the coach. I am dying to take you to call at Mr. Reynolds'." "Sweet Kauffmann," without an instant's hesitation, laid down her palette and tripped into the next room to get ready. She found that Mrs. Betty was waiting there by her mistress's orders with a pretty and mysterious garment for Angelica to wear upon this great occasion. The waiting-woman tried it on; the young girl looked at herself in the dim mirror, pushing back her lace. The glass reflected the pretty figure, the black silk shoes, the sprightly hands.

Lady W. was pleased with Angelica's artless pleasure in her new French hood. But she hurried her impatiently. "He goes out early. Come! do not let us delay. Now it is *my* turn to take you to see pictures," said Lady W. They had not far to go. The great coach turned the corner, crossed Piccadilly, turned up by Leicester Fields, of which one side was open in those days, and stopped at the door of a comfortable-looking house.

"Mr. Reynolds was not at home; Miss Reynolds was engaged," the servant said.

Lady W., much disappointed, cast a glance at Angelica. "Might we not go in?" said Angelica; and Lady W. immediately swept into the hall, desiring the servant to lead them to the studio. The dining-room door was open on one side of the hall, the staircase led to a long broad gallery, carpeted and hung with pictures, and opening into the studio. There were sofas and comfortable fires burning; the gallery was evidently used as a sort of sitting-room. There was a spinet in a recess, and a child's doll sitting bolt upright upon the keys. With shy, curious eyes Angelica looked about, noting everything with suppressed interest. What dignified personages are these hanging to the walls? A picture was leaning against the back of a chair just

outside the studio door, and it attracted Angelica. It was the portrait of a young man, in a crimson military coat, with gold embroidery, powdered hair, and a very gentle and charming face.

"That is Sally Lennox, and that is her cousin," said Lady W., pointing with her fan to a figure in a picture, in which Juno and the Graces had taken mortal shape, surely the most graceful and beautiful of that day. Libations were flowing, and tranquil altars to beauty were raised in shady groves by the courteous painter. As a contrast to the dream, a reality was hanging opposite. The portrait of a man with a squint, a saturnine-looking face, a long, lean figure.

"What an ugly fellow!" cried Angelica, gaily, standing on tiptoe to look; "he is much too ugly to be so well painted. I wonder he does not frighten those beautiful ladies away."

"That, madam, is Mr. Wilkes, the celebrated patriot," said an attendant, who had followed them. The man was an Italian half-secretary, half-assistant, to Mr. Reynolds. "This is the well-known Colonel Barré," he continued, and he pointed out another long, lean form, in a military coat.

On the opposite side of the gallery smiled two charming persons who will hold their graceful place in life, while Sir Joshua's *cera* and *lacca* and *olios* (as he notes them in his diary) still exist. When these particles are dispersed into space the names of the beautiful actresses will still remain associated with his art; Clarinda, as she writes herself on his list of sitters, is charming Mrs. Clive; and Mrs. Abington is also here, smiling, and gracious, and forgetting the irritation caused by Garrick's wrongs towards her.

The attendant told Angelica that the portrait of the young officer in the crimson coat was that of young Mr. André. "He is just gone into the army," said the man, "and the picture is for him to give to his mother. Mr. Reynolds told me it was the likeness of the uniform that the young gentleman was specially anxious about more than that of his face."

Most of the finished pictures were hung in the gallery. In the studio were only those upon which the painter was engaged. It was a good-sized room, with a window high up in the wall, and a high raised chair for sitters.

Angelica started rapidly forward. "This light is excellent," she exclaimed; "I never saw it so arranged before." She also looked with reverence at the

palettes with their wooden handles, at the great pencils with their long stocks, and then she suddenly sprang up into the sitter's chair.

She was still perched there when the master of the house himself walked in, and after one surprised glance, made his obeisance to Lady W. This lady had thrown herself into a graceful attitude, and stood leaning against the side of the great chair. She bent her head, graciously composed, while Angelica, in some confusion, came down from her high perch.

Mr. Reynolds came forward, dressed in his velvet coat and with a bag wig; he was of middle size, and looked young for his age, he was a little deaf; but in those days in private he needed no trumpet; his clear eyes shone with placid benevolence under their falling lids. He had scarred lips, mobile and sensitive. His voice was singularly pleasant as he spoke.

"I have brought you — guess who this is that I have brought you," Lady W. said, continuing to look so charming herself that the painter could only make another low bow and say, "You have brought me a vision of Paradise, madam. My poor place seems illumined by such gracious apparitions. I am sorry," he continued, "to have been out when you arrived. I had been sent for to a friend in difficulties, who adds to mine by taking up time that might have been better spent. Was not my sister here to attend upon you?"

"Mrs. Reynolds was not dressed," said Marchi, the outspoken attendant: "she begged me to make her excuses. She was in no fit state to appear."

Mr. Reynolds looked vexed, and immediately began to point out the pictures. Angelica looked, listened, and thrilled with admiration and reverence. Once turning round, the painter met the expressive flash of her eager eyes. How different was that language from the languid fine-lady criticism to which he was now hardened. Something told him that this was no ordinary visitor, that one instant's glance between the two said more than half-a-dozen commonplaces interchanged. He stopped short as he was walking by Lady W. "You have not yet introduced me to your friend," he said. "Can this be indeed . . ." he looked at Angelica curiously and kindly.

"Yes, this is Miss Kauffmann," said Lady W. "You have found her out at last. Did I say one word too much?"

she asked, smiling. He did not answer directly, but went on talking to Lady W. for a minute, and then turned to Angelica.

"Will you honour me by permitting a visit to your studio to-morrow morning?" said the great painter to the quivering, smiling, charming little painter in her pretty quaint dress. The satin trimmings glistened in the sloping light of the high window, the light just caught the turn of her white throat and the shining pearls Mrs. Betty had looped in her hair. The painter's kind glances seemed also to shine, Angelica thought, and she blushed up with innocent pleasure. Mr. Reynolds accompanied them ceremoniously to the door of her house. As they descended the pretty old turning staircase Angel was amused to see a little figure wrapped in a sort of cloak appearing in a doorway—a little middle-aged lady, who advanced towards them: she then seeing that Mr. Reynolds was there, vanished again with extraordinary celerity.

"To-morrow! Do not fail us, false man," said Lady W., holding up her mitten. Then she asked casually whether Lord Henry had shown Mr. Reynolds his last attempt. "Shocking daubs, are they not?" said Lady W. with a sort of forced laugh; but the experienced painter answered gravely that there was merit in them not to be passed over.

"There! Is he not charming?" cried Lady W., as they drove off in the great coach. "I told you so . . . It is decreed in the book of fate . . ." And all the way home Lady W. was her brightest and most charming self. All that afternoon and evening she loaded her *protégée* with kindness and pretty speeches. Lady Di, who was a good woman at heart, but not more perfect than her neighbours, began to feel even more provoked and indignant than usual. Angelica, who had tried in vain to conciliate her at first, now accepted open warfare, and at every new compliment looked round in childish glee to see how Diana frowned. Then came Lord Henry, joining in with his cousin Lady W., and echoing her words. He called himself a passionate admirer of art; and it was from him that Lady W. had learnt to take an interest in pictures, that is to say, in the pastels, and the copies, and the copies of copies, that Lord Henry affected.

Next morning, true to his appointment, Mr. Reynolds walked across Berkeley Square, and found the two ladies of the

house standing looking out by the gate of the Park.

"Miss Kauffmann is at home in her painting-room. Come this way," said Lady W. . . . "Let us take her by surprise: you can enter by the glass door."

The surprise was very short, for Angelica had been listening to every footstep.

Once she thought Mr. Reynolds had come, but it was only Lord Henry Belmore, who, rather to her annoyance, asked leave to wait in her studio for Lady W., with whom he was going out. She let him sit down where he would, and went on with her painting.—Then came more steps on the terrace and voices, and Angelica, looked up, blushed, and sprang to open the window. This time she saw the person she was waiting for so impatiently.

"Here is a friend," said Lady W., as they all came in; then her voice changed: "Henry, you here! we were waiting for you outside."

"Surely you told me to come to the studio," said Lord Henry: then he stepped up to her and, in a low voice, said something, and the two walked off into the garden.

"How long had he been here?" Lady Di asked.

"A long time," said Angelica: "ten minutes—more, I painted the heel of my Cupid's little foot again while he was here."

"And you evidently suffered from his vicinity," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling; "for your picture is charming; but you will have to repaint your Cupid's foot."

"Do you really mean it? I assure you I was not thinking of anything but my work. I had forgotten Lord Henry's presence."

"If I may venture to advise I should not recommend your ever painting without a model," said Mr. Reynolds: "some of the French school maintain that it is better to trust to one's own impressions; but there I cannot agree."

Angelica grew interested; but, for the sake of argument, she attempted to contradict Mr. Reynolds, and declared that the little foot was not out of drawing, but though she contradicted, her own looks contradicted her words as she glanced up with deprecating blue eyes, knowing that people always forgave her when she looked them in the face.

"I can only speak from my own experience," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling. "I may be wrong."

Lady Diana saw it all. She said to herself that Angelica was a vulgar flirt and Mr. Reynolds a vain dupe; and then, this odd woman, reproaching herself for secret feelings that she dared not express, said suddenly: "Because Miss Kauffmann has well-shaped eyes it does not follow that you should deny what you know to be true, Mr. Reynolds: her pictures are out of drawing: it is all very pretty and sentimental, but quite false to nature."

Mr. Reynolds disliked anything approaching to a scene. "My admiration and respect for Miss Kauffmann's work are too sincere for me to hesitate to declare what seems to me to be its excellence, or what in it might still further be improved," he said. "Correctness of eye is only to be acquired by long habit; when anything is properly made our own it becomes part of ourselves and operates unperceived. We may thus exercise a kind of instinctive rectitude of mind and of conduct, which will supersede all rules."

He spoke quietly, continuing on purpose to give Angelica time to recover from Lady Di's unprovoked attack; he was as much annoyed with that lady as it was possible to a man of his gentle and controlled nature.

The tears of vexation shining in Angel's eyes did not mend matters or soften him towards her adversary. With some sudden brightness and effort, Angelica brushed them away unaffectedly, and said: "Thank you, Mr. Reynolds; you have given me heart again, and in truth Lady Diana is not the first person who has warned me of my defects; they warn me from kindness," said the girl, turning suddenly to Lady Di. She could not bear to say a harsh word.

"It was from no kindness," said Lady Di turning pale; "you are quite right, people should forbear to speak unless they are in sympathy with those they criticise—although the picture is out of drawing," and she walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XI.

FIORI.

BEFORE Mr. Reynolds left, he fixed a day for their next meeting, and asked leave to paint Miss Angel's portrait. She delightedly agreed. If Angelica felt somewhat forlorn at times, she always brightened up after a talk with Mr. Reynolds. He spoke with all Antonio's di-

rectness and sympathy, and with authority as well. They had many long talks together; she enjoyed her sittings very much, and spoke to him openly of all her old life and new hopes, in which he took unflinching interest. It was at this time that Angelica wrote long happy letters to her father in her uncle Michael's farm. When was he coming—was Antonio with him—was he not rejoiced at his child's good fortune?—Happy as she was she missed him sadly at times, and longed for his paternal sympathy and advice and help. She had visited many painters, she told him, Mr. Cipriani among the rest; but chief of all was Mr. Reynolds, the first painter in the town. He has her own peculiar manner, writes Angelica. His portraits are almost historical; he has a flying brush (*un pennello volante*), and a great knowledge of *chiaroscuro*. Then she told her father of all the kind things people said. Mr. Reynolds himself had asked her to paint his portrait: those she had executed had already given satisfaction. Lady W. had promised her letters of introduction to the Duchess of Argyll. The Princess of Brunswick was to sit to her. She had heard that the queen herself had asked with interest concerning her. Mr. Reynolds was the kindest, the most untiring friend. "I might indeed think too much of his kindness," wrote Angelica, "but that I have vowed to think only of my art, and have closed my heart to all other passions." There is a little paper still in existence which the girl traced one night in a thoughtful mood.

"Not easily shall I bind myself: Rome is ever in my thoughts. The Holy Spirit will direct me."

Then she wrote again to the old father in the distant farmhouse with the too familiar goatherd, detailing more and more success. The Princess of Brunswick was in London at this time, and had ordered a portrait of Angelica herself, and this picture had procured for her the honour of a visit from the Princess of Wales, the mother of the king; such an honour had never before been done to any painter, writes Angelica; now she is beginning to put by money, now she may think of a home for her dear to come to, now she may begin to see her way clearly established. "Her letters, at this time," says Rossi, "are those of a person at the summit of tranquillity and joy." A little later on she tells John Joseph of a proposition of marriage and of her refusal, and it was soon after this that Mr. Fuseli

left London and went abroad. But notwithstanding these letters, old John Joseph still delayed. Antonio was in despair. He could not afford to wait any longer for the obstinate old man who was deaf to his daughter's entreaties. She wanted him sadly. Notwithstanding all their kindness, she felt very lonely.

She had been longing for some word of protective admonition; she had an instinctive desire for protection, it was as necessary to her as liberty. Mr. Reynolds seemed to give her more sense of ease by his few kind words than did all the compliments and adulations to which she was now so used; sometimes unduly excited about her work, sometimes utterly depressed and hopeless, the bracing sense of the truth as it struck another person's mind came to her with an unspeakable relief, not the partial truth of adverse criticism, which is always hard to bear, but the considerate judgment of one so high in authority, of a person qualified to speak. And for him was it not a new experience of happiness to have such a sweet model bringing new life, light, and colour, into his hard-working existence? "Miss Angel; Fiori" is written in that book of fate his diary for the year. He need not have written it down, his mind was full of her and her concerns. The flowers were for her birthday, when Lady W. had graciously promised to bring her to sup in Leicester Fields. They were all to assemble in Charles Street first and to go to see Mr. Garrick in "Hamlet." "Make yourself beautiful, my Angel, and do not be late," said Lady W.

Angel was glad that Mr. Reynolds was expected, and she went to dress with a light heart, feeling that friends were true, life was worth living, and even dress worth dressing. Miss Angel spared no pains in her attire that evening, and showed her wit in a sacque and petticoat of white silk, resembling net-work — not unlike that one worn by Mrs. Nollekens at her wedding. It was shot with grey and embroidered with rosebuds. The deep and pointed stomacher was pinked and gimped. The sleeves of this dress closely fitted the arm to a little below the elbow, from which hung three point-lace ruffles. Her neckerchief was of point, and confined by a bunch of rosebuds, and the three rows of pearls were tied with a narrow white satin ribbon behind. They were Roman pearls, but not the less becoming to her slender throat.

Her hair was piled over a cushion

(cushions were rising in favour steadily year by year).

She wore a small cap of point-lace to correspond with her ruffles. Her shoes were of the same material as her dress, with Bristol spangles and heels three inches high. She came in smiling and laughing in her wildest spirits, prepared to enjoy, and to admire, and to be admired, if the truth must be confessed.

As she entered the room, she saw a figure standing against the light. "Is that you, Mr. Reynolds?" she said, for she was still thinking of him. "Have you been waiting long?" Mr. Reynolds was fond of speaking Italian, and often used that language; but this deep, angry voice sounded very unlike his gentle tones.

"I have been waiting for many weeks, and you are not yet ready for me, I see." Surely that was not Mr. Reynolds; some one stepped out of the shadow, and Angelica uttered a little exclamation, for Antonio's dark eyes were flashing at her, angry, happy, suspicious, melting at the sight of her again, frowning at her greeting. For one minute she was herself enchanted to see her old companion; she clapped her hands and darted up to him with a glad exclamation: "Antonio! Antonio! who thought of seeing you! My father, where is he?"

Zucchi was silent, looking at her admiringly. He had never dreamt of her in such beauty and brilliance: but was it indeed Angelica? "I have broken my promise, Angelica; I have come without your father," he said at last. "But it was in vain I urged him. I should have lost my year's work had I waited longer. I left him ten days ago at Morbegno; he is well, and well cared for. He will come, he says, when you are in your own house."

"So much for your promises," cried Angel, bitterly disappointed and unjust to poor Antonio. "You have left him, poor dear! Who is one to trust if one cannot trust you? you, who are always warning one against others; you, who —"

The door opened as she was speaking, still eager and excited, and a servant announced Mr. Reynolds, and almost immediately after Lord Henry Belmore and Mr. Fuseli. Lady W. affected an artistic society. She had met the young painter with the lion head not long before, and taken to him, perhaps among other reasons, because she had been somewhat piqued by his indifference.

Mr. Reynolds was in full dress. He wore his red-velvet court-suit, and his sword. He came up, carrying the flowers he had ordered in the morning, and presented them with a little compliment full of *bonhomie* and grace. The expression of his face was very kind as he bent before the young deity at whose shrine they all seemed to lay down their arms. As Mr. Reynolds stepped forwards, Angelica's passing anger was distracted. She had forgotten it all; but Antonio's heart sank with gloomy apprehension. Her anger had pained him less than her pleasure now did. Was ever any one so absurd, so proud, so sensitive as this shabby little painter?

Not Mr. Reynolds in all his glory, not Angelica radiant and supreme, could guess the depths of that curious nature. Angelica might have understood him if she had had time or wish to do so; but she was preoccupied, impatient; her beautiful silk dress rustled at every step; her many lovers and friends were all arriving, saluting, talking, and calling her away. The door kept opening, and admitting first one person and then another. Lady W. made her state entry, followed by my lord in his blue ribbon. Zucchi saw some of the people present glance at him with surprise; and when the lady of the house entered, her look of inquiry and amazement might have disconcerted a far more experienced man of the world than he.

"This is my old friend, Antonio Zucchi," said Angelica, coming forward with her quick familiar voice; "he came to bring me news of my father, dearest lady." Then she turned to him more constrainedly, for Lady W.'s somewhat haughty stare was still upon Antonio. "You must come to-morrow morning when I am alone, Antonio, and then we will talk over our business;" and she held out her hand.

"Our business!" said Antonio, coldly; "I have no business. I came as a friend to see you; it is time I should retire and leave you to your acquaintance," — and he bowed to Lady W.; not without dignity, and then to Angel.

"Will not Miss Angelica's friend honour me with his company to-night?" said Mr. Reynolds, always courteous and considerate of others, and he came forward as he spoke. Antonio stiffly declined, made him a haughty bow, and was gone. Once outside he could control himself no longer. As he ran downstairs, he impatiently struck his hand

upon his head, muttering something like "False! false!" to himself. He did not even see Lady Diana, who passed him on her way to join the company and heard his words. As she opened the door, she was shocked and revolted by Angelica's gay burst of laughter. Angelica's first feeling had certainly been that of present relief. Everybody looked more at ease as Antonio left the room, and the voices rose. But although Antonio was gone, he still seemed present to Angelica in some mysterious way. Diana did not know that her good spirits were partly caused by his coming. A little later on and Angelica became a little *distraite*, and it was the Kauffmann, and not Mr. Reynolds, who begged for a repetition of Mr. Fuseli's remark. — What were they all talking about? The new erection in the king's gardens at Kew; — the Chinese tower, designed by Chambers, and costing ever so many thousands.

"I cannot say I admire it," said Mr. Reynolds. "We are dwellers in London, and not at Pekin."

"But we drink bohea out of China cups; we wear brocades and crapes from China," said Angelica; and she held up one of the long loose sleeves.

"And we, madam, are certain to be charmed by anything you choose to wear or to do," said Mr. Reynolds, bowing again; "but you did not erect the Chinese tower."

CHAPTER XII.

"HAMLET."

MR. GARRICK was acting Hamlet that night in powder and court-dress, facing the infinite in a periwig and treading the great globe of life in paste shoe-buckles. There was something magnetic in the night; misty as it was, with vapours enclosing the theatre and creeping in from outer doorways and veiling the brilliant charms of the ladies present; the rouge on their cheeks, the pretty crimsoned lips. Then the great play itself seemed to spread and spread and drive out all other impressions. It was not only on the stage that it was being acted.

The play seemed to grow and grow, to become the life of those human beings all assembled there; they were come together to see a play, to laugh at one another and make signs and to admire and criticise, but they remained to listen to the secrets of their lives unfolded.

Garrick's faithful adorer, Miss Hannah More, sat palpitating in a box by Mrs. Garrick's side.

Zucchi was in the pit: he knew none of the people; it had suddenly occurred to him to come too, and there he waited in his place, looking for one face which had not yet appeared.

In a stage-box sat the shabby and noble figure of a man, with a seamed and benevolent countenance, and by his side an intelligent little ferrety person, peeping forward to get a better view of the audience.

"They're come, sir," he said, "the whole party; they have secured two excellent boxes. There is Mr. Reynolds and Fuseli, and there is the fair observed of all observers. Mr. Reynolds has not invited me to sup with him to-night. I hear he is giving a great festivity; you, of course, are privileged."

"There is no privilege, sir, in being admitted to a house where friendship has established a right of way," said the big, shabby man. "But to-night I shall refrain; Mr. Reynolds is not unbiassed by the transient influences of those inferior to him in intellect. Miss is far more reliable, *she* would make my tea undisturbed by any circumstances."

Mr. Boswell was craning to get a good view of the "transient influences" now surrounding Mr. Reynolds. Lovely, smiling, splendid Lady W. had never looked more stately and beautiful than she did that night. Her charms seemed diffused somehow, she and Angelica were opposite to each other, like two mirrors reflecting one another. A summer, a spring blooming in brightness, their fans waved, the flowers seemed to fill the box. Even Lady Diana looked her best.

Mr. Boswell then discovered that Miss Angel was peeping at Dr. Johnson, also that Dr. Burney and his daughters were in another part of the theatre. "Mrs. Thrale should not have been absent on such a night as this," he remarked.

The play began, and Mr. Boswell was silent.

In great acting there is some subtle measure impossible to describe, time passing in a certain harmony, and that night, when Hamlet stood upon the stage, a mysterious intelligence not to be explained seemed certainly, and at once, to flash between him and his audience. The plain, commonplace-looking man became instantly, and without effort, the master of all these splendid people who were watching him. It was as if he were

the pulse that flowed through their veins. This hour was his own, as this mood was his, to which he gave the note, the time, the life almost.

How nobly he stands listening, while the poor ghost moans its awful plaint! Hamlet's beautiful voice seemed to strike home to every heart when he answered in clear tranquil tones. Then rise passion and remorse, and woes thicken as the play goes on, and the notes come full and dull with passion, and the words seem to break bounds and jar and clang . . .

Is the noble prince maddened as he turns in heart-scorn, rending and railing at all those he has loved and trusted hitherto?

Through this storm of shaken life comes white Ophelia, wandering, with her pale and tender face.

Mrs. Addington was not acting that night, but a young actress whose utter simplicity and sweetness touched them all.

"I did love you once," said Hamlet.

"Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so," says Ophelia.

"Get thee to a nunnery," he cries remorselessly, carried far beyond the mood of love, but tender still, even in this moment, when a swerving finite nature is suddenly brought to face the infinite truth, as it lies between them awful, inevitable.

The scene was so tender, so inexpressibly sad and despairing, it raised all the audience out of their petty chatter and racket of snuff-boxes. Miss Hannah burst into tears. Was some great power there among them all alive and speaking by the mouth of this little David again?

It was a relief to every one when everyday comes in once more and the players distract the jarred soul and bring him back for an hour into common words and daily life.

"Mr. Garrick outdoes himself to-night," said Mr. Boswell.

"Sir," said his tutor, "you mean that Garrick outdoes your preconceived opinion of his powers. He has played his part with memory. He is a good repeater of other men's words."

But when Mr. Reynolds came into the box presently and made some slight objection to a detail in Hamlet's performance, the old man rose up in wrath.

Mr. Reynolds did not stay to argue the matter; he has left a record of some such dialogue with his old friend. He was in haste to return to his companions.

It was not only Miss Hannah More whose then youthful tears flowed that evening. For little Angelica the doom of the inevitable seemed to strike almost for the first time. The knell sounded in her ears, poor Ophelia's story seemed so unutterably sad. "How could he leave her?" she said; "oh, how could he leave her?" and she turned to Mr. Reynolds and then laughed and tried to wipe away her tears. "I am ashamed," she sobbed, all confused. "Might I be permitted to retire to the back of the box?" She moved her chair as she spoke.

Both Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Fuseli came forward together and each on either side held out a hand to assist her. Angelica half laughed again, and looked from one to the other gaily through her passing tears; then she put out her two little hands and raised herself with the help of both the gentlemen.

Some one in the pit, who had been looking on, turned very pale and made a furious indignant movement.

"How angry that man looks," said a casual spectator to his companion. "Is he not a countryman of yours, Mr. Cipriani?"

"My countrymen are apt to look angry when they are vexed," said Mr. Cipriani. He was a dark-eyed man with a long nose and a brown face full of refinement and intelligence. "*Your* countrymen take life more calmly, Mr. Nollekens," he added, laughingly.

"That man is frowning at Mrs. Kauffmann up among her fine birds. My heart, how she seems to be carrying on with Mr. Reynolds!" said Mr. Nollekens.

"She is of a gay and innocent temper, and thinks not of evil tongues," said Mr. Cipriani kindly; "she has real talent, she brought me some drawings yesterday."

CHAPTER XIII.

"TAKE OF THIS GRAIN WHICH IN MY GARDEN GROWS."

ALL the house in Leicester Fields was lighted up ready to receive the company; and for once Mr. Reynolds had given special orders that everything was to be prepared for his guests' comfort. I think it was on this occasion that the new dinner-service was ordered in, and the cut glass, which is mentioned in history. Mr. Reynolds himself must have chosen it, for Miss Reynolds was of too anxious and timid a disposition to order the oc-

casional chaos of the house upon her own responsibility.

Mr. Reynolds stood by the fire behind Angelica's chair while the supper was going on. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were to have come, but Garrick was tired after his performance, and sent an excuse. He had spoken an epilogue, which had taken them all by surprise. Not one of them had recognized him in the clownish countryman who came on with a spade under his arm. Mrs. Garrick herself had been wondering who it could be, when her little dog suddenly began to wag his tail as he lay on her lap concealed, and then she knew that, though they were deceived, Flash had discovered his master. It was Mr. Fuseli who told the little story, with which Lady Di was enchanted. Lord Henry seemed to think it would be a subject for Mr. Reynolds' pencil.

"Does your lordship mean the little dog's tail?" said Angel laughing.

Lady W. frowned: she did not like Lord Henry's suggestions to be lightly treated.

Angelica was in a curiously excited condition that night. She was unlike her usual placidly cheerful self, so easily, gaily pleased with the story of life as it reached her; Hamlet had stirred the very depths of her heart. Then came the reaction of outer things, the compliments, the admiration, the scent of the flowers seemed to rise into her brain, the lights dazzled, the talk carried her away. Mr. Fuseli made no secret of his devotion. If Mr. Reynolds was more reserved in his manifestation of interest, it was not that he felt less. She knew that he was with her all along. He threw in a word from time to time, attended quietly to her wants, never left her side, seemed young, interested, responsive as any of them that night.

Lord Henry, who was also somewhat excited, filled up Lady W.'s glass, and called for a toast. "Shall we drink to beauty?" he cried. "To the living Muses among us?"

"Let us drink to our rivals," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling, and bowing to Angelica.

Mr. Fuseli cried out that he would not drink such a toast. "I shall drink mine in silence," he said, and looked at Miss Kauffmann.

"Drink what toasts you will," cried Angelica, starting up from the table with a gay laugh. "I shall go and enjoy a different feast." She walked across the room, and across the passage, and up the short

flight of steps that led into the studio, of which the great doors were open. Her heart was still beating; she was still treading upon air. She was standing looking at a lovely picture on Mr. Reynolds' easel, when she heard a step on the polished floor, and looking round she saw that her host had also left the supper-table, and come in search of her. He had come, yielding to the impulse of the moment, and, for once in his tranquil life, carried away by the influence of something that seemed stronger than himself, than that habit of self-control by which he justly set such store.

Angelica had in that instant become a painter again, as people do who have two lives to lead. She was looking at the picture, and for a moment she had forgotten the painter, and was wondering at the breadth, and depth, and grace of that lovely combination of colour, of feeling, of flowing ease.

It was no depth of divine despair that overmastered her now as when she had gazed at the great triumphant Titian in the gallery at Venice, it was with some sort of hope that she could look, and admire, and try to realize the gracious mystery of this new master's art.

This picture happened to be the full-length portrait of the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Keppel, represented as a bridesmaid sacrificing to Hymen: the sad fate of this lady excited much feeling at the time; she married Lord Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse not long after, and the poor young wife died of a broken heart, and was mourned in all the odes and elegies of the day. Is there any sign of this sad coming shadow in the lovely radiant picture before which Angelica is standing in her old attitude, bird-like, pensive? It is the old attitude; but I am not sure that Antonio was not right, and that the shabby grace of the darned green gown was not more becoming than all the delicate silk and present rosebud embroideries. Dress was certainly one of her special gifts, and what she wore, became a part of herself. It is just as characteristic of some other women to be beautiful, notwithstanding their clothes.

"I am trying to find out what charms you have used, Mr. Reynolds, in this lovely, wonderful picture. I think you breathe upon the canvas and *will* the life into your creations: I cannot account for the result you attain to in any other way."

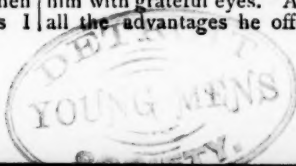
He did not answer immediately, then he smiled. "The only incantations I

have used here are a little colour and oil mixed with magylyp, he said, "and a coat of varnish, dear lady. Perhaps while you are in the room," he repeated, "my poor works may seem to breathe for a few minutes; but that is your doing, not mine. You must know," he added, with some change of voice, "what difference *your* coming makes to this house and to its master, who also comes to life in your presence I think. Can you not understand me?" he said. "Can you not guess what? if I dared . . . if I were so presumptuous as to form a hope, that hope would be . . .?"

Angelica was beginning to understand this earnest gaze—this grave emphatic manner. Lady W. had prophesied and prophesied, and Mr. Reynolds had given hints before now, and her own heart had sometimes spoken; his beautiful pictures had spoken a hundred times, and suddenly Miss Angel looked round in not unrelenting consternation and excitement. With a sort of flashing thought she pictured all future possibilities to herself. Was this quiet, tranquil gentleman her future husband? Was this great lighted house her home?

Then she thought of her father. She seemed to see him installed in this sumptuous and comfortable haven. She had wandered off into this day-dream, and almost forgotten Mr. Reynolds himself, who was standing patiently watching the bright expression of that smiling face. Alas! as she smiled, his heart failed. He could read faces; that was his trade. Good-will he read upon those smiling lips, enthusiasm in those blue eyes; but not one melting gleam of personal tenderness and feeling, not one relenting emotion of heartfelt response, not one answer to his own strange, unexpected throb of heart.

"I am presumptuous," he said, "and yet I must persist in my presumption. Dear lady, tell me do you understand me? Can similarity of taste and feeling, and my deep and heartfelt homage, which will never be less sincere than now, whatever your answer may be, stand you in the place of those many parts in which I know I am deficient?" Angelica blushed up crimson, but she was quite collected. Mr. Reynolds saw it, he felt his own agitation growing almost beyond his control. He turned away to recover, and to regain his calm. As he turned away, Angelica looked after him with grateful eyes. All his kindness, all the advantages he offered her, were



present to her mind. Did she love him? Antonio would say she had sold herself for money. No; no. If she accepted Mr. Reynolds, it would not be for any sordid reason. He must not think such reasons influenced her. She would not deceive him, it was out of very truth and sincerity that she hesitated, and flaunted her fan.

"But, Mr. Reynolds, you have your art? Is she not your mistress?" said Angelica, coquettishly.

"You know my infirmity. I did not catch your meaning," said Mr. Reynolds, immediately coming back, and when Angelica repeated her sentence, which certainly was scarcely worth the trouble of repeating, he sighed, in answer,—

"Art may be a mistress that we painters must be content to worship with a hopeless passion. She cannot be a wife, an equal, a living friend and helper, answering to the need of human hearts."

His tone was so simple, that it touched Angel very much.

"But why did you then think of *me*, Mr. Reynolds?" said she, with a slight quiver, and a sort of laugh. "I am sure you have repented already, and to let you into a secret, you are right in so doing."

If Angelica answered flippantly, it was not because she did not feel his words, but because some instinctive honesty prevent her from letting him imagine that she had any deeper emotion than that which she really experienced.

Compared to *his*, her own feeling seemed to her so slight, so worthless, that she was ashamed. She stood looking at him gratefully, with one of her azure looks. "If I marry, as I suppose I must," she said, "I fear my future husband will have to be content with a second place. With a third," she went on, looking down, and clasping the little velvet at her wrist; "for I have my father's happiness to think of as well as my own. Believe me," she said, smiling gaily, "it will be vastly more sensible to leave things as they are. 'If I were to marry you, it would not be *you* so much as the things you could give me. Those I can do without, my friend I cannot spare. No, Mr. Reynolds," she said suddenly, "No shall be my answer."

Miss Angel had been honest; her conscience gave a secret throb of approbation, but I think, woman-like, she intended him not to be content with such an indefinite reply.

He did not quiver or show much change of manner when Angelica gave

him her bright saucy denial, and yet to him it seemed far more ultimate than she had any idea of. Reynolds went on quietly talking, so quietly that Angelica asked herself in amazement whether she had dreamed that he had proposed; he showed her one or two pictures, explained what pigments he had used for them, and when Lady W. came in from the supper-room with expressive looks and eyes directed curiously upon the two, he waited till she joined them, asked her opinion of his picture, quietly included her in the conversation, and then walked away with her.

Angelica stood by the picture looking after them in a strange and overpowered state of mind. It was now her turn to be agitated. She watched Lady W.'s silk dress shining, and Mr. Reynolds' sword swinging as he walked, then they joined some of the company and a burst of laughter reached Angel standing alone by the great easel. All the pictures seemed looking at her reproachfully. "What have you done? why have you vexed our good master?" they said. "How kind he was; how considerate; how manful were his words—what a true gentleman he is in all his ways—what have you done? why have you done it?"

Little Miss Reynolds came flitting through the rooms looking for a handkerchief she had dropped: she found Angel still alone in the studio, and exclaimed, in surprise—"Alone! Bless me, my dear, how is this?—what has happened? has Joshua made the offer? With all his faults, child, he will make a good and faithful husband."

"Did he tell you?" said Angel, bewildered and longing for sympathy.

"Tell me—not he, child. He is as mum as the church-steeple to me; sisters play a small part in men's lives. So he has done it, hey? You need not fear telling me. I understand it all—don't cry, my dear—don't cry. I have no doubt you spoke very prettily; trust me—it will all come right; and I'm sure I don't know where he could find a sweeter wife," said the little old maid, looking at her with kind eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

PUT OUT THE LIGHT.

LADY W. liked to wind up her little passing interests with some triumphant catastrophe which flattered her sense of power, and rid her of any uncomfortable

feeling of responsibility. Something had vexed her the night of Mr. Reynolds' entertainment. She was very cross going home, and scarcely spoke to Angel. Was my lady getting tired of her, as she had wearied of so many others?

It was Lady Diana who talked and who praised the supper, the house, the host.

Angel was absorbed in the thought of what had occurred. She could not make up her mind whether or not to repeat it all to her friend.

When she would have said good-night to her patroness at the foot of the stairs as usual, Lady W. responded very coldly. For the first time the gracious lady looked ungracious. She answered the girl's inquiring glance with a cold "Good-night, Kauffmann."

Angelica could scarcely believe that the tone was for her. "Are you not well?" she said.

"I am quite well, only sorry to have to speak to you, Kauffmann," Lady W. answered; "but I must tell you that your manner to-night was vastly too free for the society into which I have introduced you. I cannot countenance free manners in my box at the play, and I have been much annoyed by the levity of to-night. My lord observed upon it, and has begged me to remonstrate."

A faint sound from my lord was heard, but it died away, and he suddenly disappeared by some back stairs.

My lady was fluttering her fan in some agitation. Lady Diana, and the footmen, and the maids were all round about.

Angelica turned pale, stood silent, justly wounded, and then said, with simple dignity, "I will speak to you to-morrow, madam, in private, not now," and she walked away to her own room, trembling, with beating pulse, bewildered, offended.

A fire was burning, and candles had been lighted, by Mrs. Betty, unaware as yet of the favourite's disgrace, but the maid immediately began to suspect something amiss when Angelica burst into tears. As I have said before, it was not the first time such scenes had occurred.

Lady W. rustled up with her beautiful twinkling satin feet, feeling immensely virtuous and superior: she discoursed to Lord W. for an hour on Angelica's enormities, suddenly remembering, as vexed people do, many others which had never occurred to her till that moment. The girl's manner to Henry Belmore was most flippant and unbecoming, her ways were unendurable. She had used her

but to bring Mr. Reynolds to her feet, but his good sense evidently kept him back.

Poor Lord W. knew of old that it was hopeless to try and stem this torrent; he set his watch a few seconds wrong in his perplexity, gave precise directions to his valet about being called in the morning, and as to the preparation of a pot of glue he should require to complete a little nest of boxes he was engaged upon.

Poor Angel! coldness from those she loved chilled her and pained her as much as their love vivified and warmed; and she loved Lady W., whose kindness had been unending, and whose praises had been very sweet to her. Was it possible that people spoke truly when they said that people changed? Ah! no, she could not believe it, never, never. Angelica was not yet old enough to stretch her interests beyond the radius of her own longings, and of those who loved her; that is the gift of later years, and perhaps the one blessing that supplements their emptiness. No one had ever in her recollection been unkind to her before. She was half-amazed, half-indignant; could it be true? Had she been free? Had she forgotten what was becoming to her station? What had she done?

She dismissed Mrs. Betty with the curious eyes, tore off her rosebud dress impatiently, and flung it on the floor in a heap; then she put on an old dressing-gown she used to wear in Italy. That, at least, was her own; little else. The very fire which warmed her resentment was given to her by the person who had insulted her; the person whom she loved, and whose unkindness cut all the more cruelly because she loved her. Lady W. had been unkind, and they seemed suddenly parted. Mr. Reynolds had been too kind, and they seemed parted too; it was all utterly bewildering. Had she shown herself ungrateful to him? Was she being punished now for the pain she had inflicted on another? Was this a warning not to be neglected by her? Was it too late to undo the past?

Angel was still sitting there, broken and overcome by the different emotions of the day, when some one knocked at the door, and, to her surprise, Lady Diana came in.

"I wanted to talk to you," said she, in her abrupt voice, and putting down the light that she was carrying.

She came up to the fire, and stood

leaning against the tall chimney, silent for a moment; a little round glass overhead reflected the two, in their flowing robes and emotions. Lady Diana also had assumed a loose chintz morning-robe, all her hair was falling about her pale face, which was brightened with some unusual look of sympathy and interest.

"I hardly know how you will like what I am going to say, but it is well meant, although you may not think so," she began in her abrupt voice. "I thought I should find you distressed; I could not help coming to speak on what has happened."

"I am foolish, perhaps," said Angel, beginning to cry again. "I don't wish to trouble any one. I don't ask —" she could not finish the sentence.

Lady Diana began walking up and down the room, then stopped suddenly.

"After what has occurred, the sooner you are able to establish yourself in a home of your own, the better chance there will be for the continuance of your friendship with Judith. But it is not at once that the remembrance of such scenes passes away."

"I should be the most ungrateful of women if anything ever made me forget my grateful friendship for Lady W.," cried Angelica, looking up with her overflowing eyes, and then, to her surprise, she saw that there were tears in Lady Diana's eyes — real tears.

"Are you sorry for me? How good of you! I was feeling so lonely as you came in; I was longing for mamma, for my father; longing for Antonio, for some one to advise me," cried quick little Angelica, meeting this unexpected sympathy, and then as quickly she drew back frightened again, suddenly remembering Lady Diana's long and many unkindnesses that she had forgotten for a moment.

"I don't wonder you mistrust me," said Lady Diana, who seemed to read her heart. "I have been cold and unkind, and you must forgive all that; and if I mean to try and be kind to you now, be generous enough not to repulse me," said the elder woman. "You must remember that I have loved these people all my life, and that I saw you come suddenly into my place, absorb my rights, my words, my looks, and my home happiness. Was it not natural that I should feel hurt and wounded? My happinesses are few enough. I love these children; and my cousin W. has been a brother to

me all my life, and even Judith is dearer to me a thousand times than I am to her, but I am a cold-hearted woman, and I did not come to talk of myself," she said, blushing up. "I came to talk to you, and to say, will you let me help you to choose a home, where you may be independent and free? and will you let me lend you enough money to pay your rent this year? You shall pay it back as you like and when you will;" and she held out a pocket-book. "This is a hundred pounds. You can have as much more if you will. I scarcely deserve that you should take it from me."

"But do you indeed think I ought to leave?" faltered Angelica, reluctant and shrinking from such a desperate measure, although a few moments ago it had been what she wished.

"Believe me, indeed, it will be best for all our sakes," said Lady Diana, gravely. "I know this house better than you do. I have made up my mind and paid my price. I am content to be discontented; surely you would never be satisfied with that."

"Content with discontent? no, indeed," said the young painter. "Why should any one accept such a fate? Perhaps you are waiting for something," she added, simply, looking at her visitor, who now for the first time seemed to her capable of interesting, and of being herself interested.

"I tell you this is my fate," said Lady Diana, impatiently; "and I expect nothing and ask nothing. Count De Horn would have married me for my money at Venice. Judith was very angry when I refused him. She cannot understand, she who values money and position so much, how a woman, placed as I am, lonely and insignificant, can be better content with such a fate as mine than she is herself with her own fortunes. She cannot forgive a refusal. Good-night, you poor little thing," said Diana, taking Angelica's hand. "I shall like to come and sit to you in your new painting-room, and I will bring my friend Anne Conway to you, and while you stay here remember that Judith has a right to be first in her own society."

"Yes," said Angel, "I will try. I fear you have made me too happy; I have forgotten my own position."

Lady Diana looked hard at Miss Angel as she spoke. "You might remember if you chose that a very good and high position may be yours, one that many of us would not refuse," she said.

Angel blushed up. How lovely she looked, all softened by tears and then brightened by emotion!

"It is too late," she faltered. "*That* I have not accepted; but the hundred pounds I will take gladly from you, if you will never be unkind to me again."

"Here, child; good-night!" said Lady Di, kissing her shyly, and running out of the room.

Angelica went to bed somewhat comforted; but all night long strange horrors and dreams haunted her comfortable alcove; dreams and terrors that not all the counterpanes and eider-downs could keep away. She saw Mr. Reynolds in trouble, and some one seemed hiding behind one of the pictures, and then came a scream, and she awoke. She herself had screamed, but there was no one to hear her. She was thankful when morning light came, and Mrs. Betty with a cup of chocolate. Here was the morning; was everything as it had been before? Notwithstanding cockcrow and morning light, Lady W.'s coldness continued.

Angelica's portrait was not yet sent home. She had begged Mr. Reynolds to keep it for her until she moved into her own house. It had been taken out of the studio the night of the supper, and carried into the painting-room where Marchi used to work upon his master's pictures. The next morning, when Mr. Reynolds walked in as usual, the picture had been replaced. There it stood, facing him, with its half-conscious, half-unconscious, witcheries. His heart sank very much when he walked up to it, and for an instant he felt almost inclined with his long-stocked brush to paint the whole canvas over, for it seemed when he came up to smile at him as Angelica herself had done the night before; but painting out a picture could make no change in his feelings towards her. If feelings could be so easily displaced the world would be far less furnished than it is at present. Painting pictures of other people would be more to the purpose, thought the workman with a sigh. Some little details were still to be finished upon this one: the fur on the cloak, the shadow of the throat, and while he added what was wanting, the man became a painter again.

He was able to think calmly, and to make deliberate resolutions. Henceforth he would never again be faithless to his life's true interest. This had been an extraordinary phase, utterly unexpected, a phase which was over forever. What had

he been about? He was a "working man," as old Johnson had called him one day in jest. He was no professed lover or squire of dames. She had been right as regarded him, though perhaps wrong as to herself, thought the painter with some natural bias; and for one moment a thought of her as she had looked, standing there by the easel smiling in her shining silks, nearly overcame his resolve; a fancy of her there, among them all, cherished and tenderly appreciated, and faithfully loved. . . . The brush fell idly as he painted this picture with certain colours, more fleeting still perhaps than his oils and ceras. Fate had decided otherwise. He felt certain that she had no feeling for him. Without it, it would be folly for her to marry one so much older, so little suited. Something had gone out the night before when the house had been lighted so brilliantly. He was surprised to find now how easily this blow had fallen. He was very sad, very much pre-occupied; but he felt that on the whole circumstances had fallen out better than he had sometimes expected, less well perhaps than he had hoped.

For some little time past all his future had seemed suddenly illumined by new interests and by a new light. Now nothing of it was left — it was extinguished — that was all. No ray seemed left, absolutely none; and he saw things once more in the old bald daylight.

He was not shaken or distressed, but changed somehow. It seemed to him as if the Angelica he had loved had died the night before; and as if he had now to learn to live again without her. And this old stock phrase is full of meaning to those souls new born, into this hackneyed old life through pain and secret pangs.

It is not for any one to say how far Mr. Reynolds was right or wrong in his determination henceforth to rule his life, not to be ruled by the chances of it. Such things are ordered by the forces of each individual nature. People will be true to themselves whatever part they may determine upon; only the difference is that some try to play a higher part and fail perhaps, and are ashamed, and others try for a smaller part and succeed, and are content.

Mr. Reynolds was still turning over these things in his mind, when Miss Reynolds, the little lady in the dressing-gown and morning wrapper, peeped into the room. She saw her brother standing there, listless, unoccupied. The *penello volante*, so rapid, so assured in its flash,

hung idly by his side. She could see his face reflected in the looking-glass from which he used to paint.

A very strange expression of pity and regret appeared in his looks. Were tears in his placid eyes? No! that was not so; for he started and turned quickly, and seeing her, asked in his usual voice what she wanted?

"I want my pocket-handkerchief, brother," said Miss Reynolds, startled. "I forgot it last night;" and then she took courage, and went up to him and took his hand, paint-stock, and all, and held it in both hers, and looked at him beneath her big cap—"I should wish you happy, brother," she said; "I saw a certain lady in tears, standing in this very spot, a few hours ago; at least, if not here, it was there by the great easel; or, no! they have moved it, and put the little one in its place; and oh! brother, you are still a young man and much admired by many; do not trifle with a sweet girl's happiness, to say nothing of your own, not that any one can judge for you, but one can't help one's hopes; and happiness is such a blessing, and must add so much to one's life, at least, so I should imagine."

"Thank you, Frances," said Mr. Reynolds, both touched and vexed by her agitation, as he always was. "Thank you, my dear; I hope we shall all be happy."

"She seemed sadly disturbed," said Miss Reynolds, "a little bird . . ."

"Thank you, my dear," said her brother again, patting her shoulder. "Leave me now, I must go to my work, or I shall be sadly disturbed." Miss Reynolds opened her mouth to say more, but her courage failed. She was never at ease with her brother, and yet her kind heart yearned towards him, and she longed to say something to comfort him in his evident depression. She was beginning another allusion to an old adage which she thought applicable to the present state of things; but he again signed to her to stop, and Marchi, who had followed her into the room, now announced an early visitor. Miss Reynolds, suddenly conscious of her petticoat and dressing-jacket, turned and fled.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE SIEGE OF FLORENCE.

MEDIEVAL Florence was the scene of endless revolutions, attended by all that

has rendered the word a terror. In the course of time the wiser Florentines learnt to think of taking shelter from the tyranny of faction under the rule of a single prince. Nor, during the greater portion of the fifteenth century, was there much doubt as to whence that prince was to come. Such influence had been acquired for the house of Medici by its great wealth and a succession of singularly able chiefs, that all the errors of the son of "the Magnificent" merely delayed for a generation the recognition of his family as the hereditary lords of Florence.

With the attainment of supremacy in their native city, the Medici seem to have lost for a while their commanding ability. Clement VII., the head of the family A.D. 1521-34, perpetrated many gross political mistakes. He selected for successor a youth of birth as questionable as the heir of Olivarez, and thus alienated his relatives. He endeavoured to rule as a prince rather than as a party chief, and thereby drove the aristocracy into fierce opposition. His necessities compelled him to impose heavy taxes, and this lost him the affections of the masses. Finally, his character, no less than his cloth, rendered him averse to severity, and thus, while abundantly hated, he was not at all dreaded.

The capture of Rome by the followers of Bourbon was followed at once by revolution at Florence. Not a voice was raised in favour of the Medici, for the leaders of the movement were all noble. Eventually these leaders had no great reason to congratulate themselves on their handiwork. Like all men of high birth, they proved but indifferent demagogues, and disgusted the people from the outset by their moderation. Their popularity, therefore, and with it their share of power dwindled rapidly to nothing.

Thanks to the events which disabled the pope and drew the attention of Charles V. to other quarters, the Florentine revolt was allowed full swing for the next two years, and innumerable were its fantastic pranks. The most astonishing experiments were tried with the machinery of government, and the most startling laws enacted. Conspicuous among the latter were the religious ones. Capponi, the leader of the primary revolutionists, being a man of decidedly serious views, took it into his head, at an early period, to make the whole community as sternly moral as himself—by statute. The time was not badly chosen.

It was the period of Luther, and the religious questions of the day were as keenly debated at Florence as elsewhere. Capponi's whim, therefore, met with extraordinary success. He proposed that the Saviour should be declared King of Florence, and the thing was done in magnificent form. And he brought forward numerous laws against vanity, luxury, profanity, intemperance, &c., all of which were enthusiastically carried. Capponi was re-elected gonfalonier, an unprecedented thing at Florence, to be violently thrust from office three months afterwards. But his successors felt bound, in deference to public opinion, to carry out the moral rule which he had instituted. They, too, punished swearing, prohibited gambling (pensioning a card-maker, whose trade had been ruined thereby), shut up the taverns, and employed itinerant preachers to hold forth in the thoroughfares. But in the midst of their religious fervour they did not omit to frame a law which enabled the authorities to dispose of political criminals with such hideous rapidity, that he who walked free and fearless at noon, was frequently arrested, tried—that is to say, tortured—and beheaded before sunset!

At the outset of her revolt, Florence plunged headlong into the war on the side of France. This was a senseless step. A French alliance was notoriously fatal to the Italians of that era. And, besides, the French monarch was then actually in league with the pope, whose authority the Florentines had just discarded. But the emblem of Florence was a lily; that of France was also a lily; and a prophet had declared that "lily with lily must always flourish." For this reason the excellent democracy of Florence plunged heart and soul into the French alliance. So long as the French armies were in the neighbourhood the Florentines supplied them liberally with money and recruits. But one of these armies was exterminated at Naples; and another—the last which France sent into Italy for many a day—was destroyed at Landriano, June 21, 1529. Clearly the lilies had not flourished together; and one of them was destined to prove even more unfortunate alone.

Shortly after Landriano, the pope and the emperor came to an understanding, and joined forces, with the view of recovering the plunder that had been seized by various little princelings during their quarrel. This was no very censur-

able step. Few of the said princelings had any right to the said plunder. The other Italian States, who had taken part in the French league, saw how things were likely to go, and made peace with the conqueror on tolerably easy terms. And Florence might have done the same, had not the government by this time fallen into the hands of stump-orators, and men of broken fortune; the chief magistrate of the day, Francesco Carducci, having been twice a bankrupt in the course of no very long career as small tradesman. Peace was about the last thing to be desired by gentry like these. It was not unlikely to send a few of them to the gallows, and it was certain to hurl the whole unsavoury phalanx from power into their original penniless obscurity. War, on the other hand, was not very promising in prospect. But it might prove successful: and whatever the event, it was sure to secure them in place and affluence so long as it might last. So this worshipful seignury resolved that by hook or by crook war should go on. Thus felt not a few of their fellow-citizens, and the prudent at once shut up shop and emigrated; even though the precious government had put on an appearance of moderation, and despatched an embassy to Charles V., who was by this time in Italy.

This embassy was chiefly composed of good men and true, since such a monarch was not likely to pay much attention to mere stump-orators. But the necessary powers were withheld, and the good men and true were besprinkled with people on whom Carducci and his confederates could thoroughly rely. The emperor was in daily apprehension of a Turkish invasion of his German dominions, and the pope had no wish to ruin what he considered his patrimony by war and siege. The potentates, therefore, offered terms so favourable that the ambassadors despatched one of their number to Florence to lay them before the council and entreat their acceptance. Had this been done, it is pretty certain that an accommodation would have ensued. But the messenger was an agent of Carducci's, and at his request he suppressed the true terms, and submitted totally false ones to the council! We need not characterize the trick: it oozed out shortly afterwards. But Carducci and his confederates were popular favourites, and a favourite of the people is a monarch that "can do no wrong." After this there could be no hope of peace. So Charles thought; and

he ordered his lieutenant, the Prince of Orange, who then commanded in Naples, to begin the war at once, and push it vigorously. The embassy, however, still haunted the pope, fed him up with hopes of a peaceful termination of the difficulties between himself and his townsmen, and thus induced him to hamper the movements of the prince until the Florentines were ready to meet him sword in hand. Then they threw off the mask, grossly insulted Clement at a public audience, and were dismissed to return no more.

Florence was soon ready for war. Vast sums were raised, much by heavy taxation, and much by other means. From time to time a score or two of the wealthier citizens—bad or lukewarm patriots, of course—were selected by the government, and forced to lead a large amount to the State. And the property of those who persisted in absenting themselves, after due notice, was confiscated and brought to the hammer: as most of this property was disposed of much below its value, there was no lack of purchasers; and every one who bought became thenceforth bound up with the revolt. With the money thus raised munitions were provided, forces raised, and the fortifications repaired.

By the end of August, 1529, the Prince of Orange was on the march for Tuscany, at the head of 16,000 men. Less than half of this force consisted of old soldiers. The rest were new levies, chiefly from Calabria. Few of them, however, could be termed raw recruits; for the constant feuds of this country had habituated them to war, and they were commanded by chiefs capable of moulding far more unpromising materials into good soldiers. This was a powerful army, as armies then went. The Florentines, however, had one of twice its numbers, and hardly inferior materials. One-third consisted of urban and city militia, who were sure to fight fiercely in defence of their hearths. Another third was formed of the remnants of the celebrated black bands of Giovanni de' Medici, recruited from Arezzo and the hills thereabouts—a neighbourhood reputed to provide the best native warriors. The rest were bands of free lances, mostly the property of Italian nobles, Malatesta, the gouty old lord of Perugia, heading the largest company, of five thousand men. And as the Florentines were well provided with money—a thing in which their oppo-

nents were notoriously deficient—their troops were far better equipped.

The Arno cuts Florence in two, and the Prince of Orange immediately seized and entrenched the commanding points to the south. But Florence was then one of the great cities of the earth, and his army was far too weak to invest even that section of it with any completeness. As for the northern side, it remained unmolested, except by a few weak partisans, for several months longer. No sooner, however, was it evident that the Florentines meant to abide, and the prince to press a siege, than recruits began to pour into his camp. Every Italian noble of that day had numerous feudal and personal foes, and every man who owed a grudge to any of the free lances within the beleaguered walls, took service with the prince. Florence, too, was a city well worth sacking. So those excellent recruiting officers—the thirst for plunder and the thirst for vengeance—continued to swell the pontifical-imperial ranks until towards the close of the siege they numbered full 50,000 men. This, however, was not a circumstance on which such a chief as the prince either could or would calculate; and as the skirmishes in which the daring of the garrison daily involved his men, cost him more blood than he could afford as yet to lose, and as no amount of artillery that he could collect was likely to make any serious impression on those ramparts, he determined, if possible, to bring the matter to a speedy issue in another way.

From time immemorial the Florentines had been accustomed to hold high festival on the 10th of November—St. Martin's Eve. And they were too proud and confident to abate one jot of their merriment in the face of a foe. The day, therefore, was spent most uproariously. The night came dark and rainy; the camp subsided into silence; and so, but far more slowly, did the town. Every light was extinguished at length, and not a sound was to be heard save the ceaseless patter of the rain. "Now, Madame Florence," said the Prince of Orange, "get ready your brocades, for by sunrise to-morrow we mean to measure them with our spears." The dull smothered tread of many feet followed the remark, and without other sound, like a dense cloud through the dreary midnight, the army moved from its entrenchments to the assault. Three-fourths of the distance was traversed, not a leader spoke,

not a sword clanked, not a whisper rose from the ranks : Florence gave no sign of alarm. The misty host drew nearer, holding its breath as it gave its flanks to the outworks. There were four hundred scaling-ladders in the van, and ten thousand desperadoes ready to climb them. Two minutes more would see the ramparts won. A broad red flash leapt out into the darkness from a neighbouring bastion. Fifty men fell ; a rattling peal drowned their death-cry, and in an instant the long line of the works in front was bright with torches and alive with armed men. Then came the rush of battle and the uproar. The veterans of a hundred battles, the victors of Pavia, the plunderers of Rome, planted their ladders and threw themselves against the ramparts. In vain : some were slaughtered with the sword, others were pelted with boiling oil, Greek fire, beams, tiles, and every conceivable missile. Not a man could mount that terrible wall. So the trumpet wailed the retreat, and the baffled multitude withdrew, leaving five hundred of their bravest behind them.

Florence was not to be surprised, and it was certainly not to be battered into submission. Nothing but a strict blockade could reduce it, and until reinforcements should render that operation practicable, the prince resolved to devote his attention to certain troublesome partisans. The principal of these was a churchman. Witnessing the sack of Rome, this man swore a *vendetta* against the perpetrators, which he took good care to keep. Wherever there was a chance of striking a blow at the sacrilegious robbers, thither sped the Abbot of Farfà and his merciless cut-throats. And when Florence decided on hostility, the excellent clergyman rushed up to avenge the pope by slaughtering his soldiers. In order that there may be no mistake as to his nationality, we beg to state that the Abbot of Farfà was by birth and long descent — an Italian. He performed his self-appointed task with singular audacity and success. But what rendered him most terrible was an ugly habit of torturing his prisoners to death after the manner of the American aborigines, and a still more ugly way of exposing the remains of his victims in ingeniously hideous attitudes. After a weary chase — skilfully conducted, and a stubborn fight — gallantly contested, the wild priest was taken and his band destroyed. As for the man himself, papal

commanders could hardly slay such a devoted adherent of the papacy. So they clapped him in prison until they reasoned him out of his illogical method of taking vengeance, and then turned him loose again to exercise his recently acquired tastes upon the Florentines.

A large detachment was needed for this man-hunt. The second night after its departure, the Imperial army was reposing in its usual reckless style. The sentinels were few and careless, and the officers of the watch, like the prince, were most of them employed in gaming, and not a few, like the prince, with their soldiers' pay. For Philibert, during this very siege, nearly produced a mutiny by losing the whole contents of the military chest at play. Such, however, was then the custom among captains — more than one sovereign, like Francis I., finding himself compelled to place the offence among those whose punishment was death. About midnight a terrific clamour burst out in a distant quarter of the camp. The prince and his captains mounted in haste, and galloped to the scene, to be enveloped and swept along by the foremost wave of a torrent of fugitives that augmented every instant ; for behind, in fierce pursuit, was the best soldier in the Florentine garrison — Stefano Colonna — and three thousand daring swordsmen. Colonna had crept out in the night, with these attendants, to pay a flying visit to his cousin and mortal foe, an officer of rank in the Imperial camp. The cousin, fortunately for himself, was absent, but his command was surprised and nearly annihilated ; and Colonna, following up his stroke with admirable skill and vigour, was now rolling up the whole long line of the besiegers. Unfortunately, he was not properly seconded. There was no commander-in-chief in Florence, and no unity of purpose in its military measures. Every captain there did pretty much as he pleased. The present sally was Colonna's own idea, and its promise was far too brilliant for that powerful principle — envy — to allow his brother officers to second him as they might and should have done. By desperate efforts on the part of the prince and his lieutenants, the destroying column was at length arrested in its course, and by sheer weight of numbers pushed back into the town, but not until it had wrought great havoc in the Imperial lines, killing four hundred men and wounding nine hundred more. And all with the

sword; for Colonna, like the thorough soldier that he was, had forbidden his followers to carry any other weapon.

The sally was repelled, but the disaster was hardly less serious to Philibert. His soldiers, who subsisted chiefly by plunder, and who were held together, in a great measure, by the hope of sacking the city, threw off the bonds of discipline and roved the country by troops. Many towns, too, encouraged by the news which spread far and wide, losing nothing as it went, rose and slaughtered their garrisons. Had there been a worthy chief, or even a healthy spirit in Florence, the siege might have been raised at any time during the ensuing month. For the Imperialists would not have stood against a vigorous effort, and as there was nothing to prevent the re-occupation of the mountain forts behind them—hardly a man could have escaped. But Carducci and his colleagues were not the men for the occasion. Like all mere demagogues, they dared not venture on any strong measure until public opinion had pronounced. And the Florentines were then too busy with their great annual election, to care for anything beyond the walls. The prince, therefore, had ample time to restore the spirit of his army, and make good his losses.

In December 1529, Carducci ceased to be gonfalonier. But he retained all his former influence, having been appointed chief of the three who composed the committee of war. Besides, the new gonfalonier, Girolami—a vapid, violent declaimer, of no decided character—was completely under his control.

The government now found it necessary—chiefly to satisfy the soldiery—to appoint a commander-in-chief. As usual in such cases, the man of highest rank, Malatesta, was selected. They could not have made a worse choice. He was valiant, skilful, and of vast warlike experience, but he was altogether untrustworthy. Being a feudal chief, he had no sympathy with the Florentine traders, and as his domains lay within the papal territories, there were many reasons why he should conciliate the pope. Indeed, he had already come to an understanding with Clement; the gist of it was that the siege was not to be raised, that on no account were the Imperialists to be allowed decided success, and that matters were to be so managed as to bring about the termination of the war by a capitulation between Clement and the citizens. Malatesta's appointment took place towards

the end of January 1530. It was accompanied by a great deal of noisy show, and, therefore, delighted the people.

By this time the army of the prince had so largely augmented that he was enabled to stretch his blockade round the northern portion of the city also. But not very strictly at first; and the few garrisons which the Florentines still maintained without continued to introduce convoys of provisions for several weeks longer without much difficulty. Nor did the Imperialists offer any opposition to the egress of individuals—that is, if they could manage to evade the strict watch maintained at the gates. Indeed the coronation of Charles V. taking place in February, a large number of the show-loving Florentines actually obtained permission to pass the blockading lines in order to witness the ceremony. Charles, however, left Italy immediately afterwards, and as the pope had now given up all hope of an amicable arrangement, the Prince of Orange received orders to press the siege in earnest, and the mildness of the investment terminated.

This period of the strife opened with a chivalrous incident. Ludovico Martelli and Giovanni Bandini had been conspicuous amongst the ardent youths who took part in the first revolutionary movements. The latter was the Admirable Crichton of his sphere, and as a natural consequence of his extra allowance of brains, his republicanism cooled with the progress of events, until he was now, with many another high-born Florentine, in arms against the city. Not so his friend, who had developed into one of the wildest of the democrats. In neither case, however, was this divergence altogether the result of political convictions. The preference of the beautiful Maria Ricci had something to do with it. She was an ardent Palleschi, and, therefore, the two suitors, particularly the rejected one, Martelli, took opposite sides with a little more fervour than they might otherwise have shown. The lady remained in the city, and Martelli, very unwisely, omitted no opportunity of seeing her. On one of these occasions, she treated him to a set homily on the numerous perfections of Bandini, dwelling especially on his knightly accomplishments. "I hope soon to show you that I am not so inferior to him even in these things as you seem to suppose," replied Martelli. Next morning a challenge, drawn up in proper form, was despatched with a flag of truce

to Bandini. It was accepted by the latter with a reluctance that did him no discredit, and, after a tedious negotiation, the details of the duel were arranged. It was to take place on Saturday, the 12th March, to be a fight of two against two, the weapons swords, the manner on foot, and the Prince of Orange to provide and keep the lists. The last consisted of an enclosure of sufficient size, divided into two by a rope stretched across it, for it was agreed that the parties were not to assist each other in the fight. At the appointed hour the champions made their appearance, and were led into the *champs* with all the usual minute forms. Martelli was accompanied by a pronounced republican of mature years, Dante Castiglione; and Bandini had for friend a mere youth, one of the pupils of the sculptor El Piffero. Each had his head bare, was clad in hose and shirt, the latter having the right sleeve cut off at the elbow, and wore an iron gauntlet on the right hand. Bandini had provided the weapons, and the challengers were allowed first choice. The former bending back his blade, as if to prove it, snapped it in two between his fingers. A dispute ensued, Bandini's friends pressing to have the broken weapon replaced, and Martelli's opposing the proposition as against the laws and usages of the duello; and as the umpires allowed it to be correct, Bandini was compelled to fight with the stump. The two encounters began at the same moment, but that between the seconds was the first decided. The young artist immediately received two wounds, one on the sword-arm and the other on the face. These he quickly repaid with three, one of them a severe one through the right arm. The advantage was now with him, for Castiglione was compelled to grasp his sword with both hands. But the youth lost his temper, made a blind rush, and received a terrible thrust, which penetrated through the mouth to the brain. He screamed, dropped his weapon, and falling headlong, rolled over and over in agony, being removed from the lists to die the same evening.

Castiglione turned to see how the battle went with his friend. It was a sickening sight. Martelli rushed blindly at Bandini; the latter sprang aside and cut him over the head. This was repeated many times. Martelli next grasped his antagonist's sword, who drew it through his fingers, gashing them fearfully. He then attempted to parry Bandini's strokes

with his left arm; and so the fight went on until he was covered with wounds and blinded with blood. As a last effort he planted the hilt of his weapon against his breast, and rushed desperately forward. But Bandini easily avoided the onslaught, and dealing him a last stroke over the head, called on him to surrender. Martelli had no alternative; he spoke the fatal word, and was carried away even more wounded in mind than body. As for his antagonist, he received only two slight hurts. The lady paid one visit to the defeated champion; but, as she had been compelled to take this step much against her will, it did more mischief than good. Three weeks after, Martelli died.

One on each side having fallen, the victory was ascribed to neither—a decision that sorely puzzled the superstitious, who had looked upon the duel from the first as symbolic of the war and its issue.

Another week passed, and then, for the first time since the opening of the siege, the government of Florence found itself face to face with a serious difficulty—a lack of funds. It was one, however, with which the ruling faction was eminently fitted to grapple. Carducci and his friends seized a quantity of Church and corporate property and brought it to the hammer. Besides this, they issued a proclamation inviting individuals to give up their plate, in order that it might be coined into money; and the thing was done in a burst of enthusiasm—to such an extent that, with the aid of some Church plate, full 53,000 new ducats were struck before the month was out. This sacrifice was followed by a grand religious ceremony, in which all Florence took the sacrament, and after which every soldier and citizen in the city made oath to resist to the last extremity. No serious effort, however, was made against the foe, and the blockade would have dragged its slow length along, with intolerable tedium, to the inevitable surrender, had it not been for the stirring nature of certain secondary operations.

Florence still garrisoned a few of her former possessions, among them—Pisa, Lucca, Volterra, and Empoli. These towns had always been quite as factious as the capital. Indeed, it was chiefly by siding with one party against the other that Florence had introduced her authority and confirmed it over both. The war had revived these factions, and in Volterra, some sixty miles to the south-west, the citizens adverse to Florentine su-

prema had possessed themselves of the town and driven the garrison into the citadel. The governor communicated with his superiors, demanded succour, and received it. A force of one thousand men was equipped with admirable celerity, and instructed to cut its way to Empoli. There it was to place itself under the principal Florentine leader without, Ferrucci, who was to strengthen it with a portion of his garrison and do the rest. The plan was about as mischievous as could be conceived. The possession of Volterra could exercise no possible influence over the event of the war. But so long as Empoli was held by such a man as Ferrucci, Florence might laugh at all attempts to starve her into surrender. Nevertheless, the invaluable was risked to secure the worthless, in a way peculiar to mad democracy, for this expedition — so thoroughly foolish — was exceedingly flattering to the popular vanity. In Florentine estimation, it was rivalling ancient Rome, which had sent an army into Africa when Hannibal was at her gates.

The expedition was much better conducted than planned. Giugna, the leader, was a right good soldier. Starting at midnight on the 24th of April, he pierced the enemy's lines, and reached the river Cesa before his progress could be arrested by the masses which Orange directed against him. There, however, he found himself in a decided scrape. The Imperial cavalry had headed him off, and dense masses of infantry were closing round his flanks and rear. But just in the nick of time, Ferrucci came up with his garrison and carried him off.

Ferrucci left Giugna with eight hundred men at Empoli, and marched himself with double the number on Volterra. He set out early on the 27th, and — though his men were heavily armed and still more heavily laden with provisions, ammunition, and scaling-ladders — he completed the march of forty miles before sunset. Giving his troops one hour's rest, he led them to the assault. The streets were strongly barricaded; but he carried the first and most important defence that night, and then went to rest. Next morning, awed by his stern and daring character, the foe surrendered — just as three thousand Imperial cavalry galloped in relief. "Gallantly done!" said Orange. "That Ferrucci is a man worth contending with; but I'll soon give him a Roland for his Oliver." And despatching a reinforce-

ment to Marmaldo, the leader of the cavalry, with orders to besiege Volterra, he hurried the Marquis del Vasto with an imposing force against Empoli.

The Florentines were soon aware of these detachments, and organized a powerful sally against the denuded lines. It took place on the 5th of May, and was led by Colonna, who did his duty brilliantly. He carried the key of the enemy's position with no less skill than valour, slaying the commander, a tried soldier, and driving out the remnant of his men, all Spanish veterans, in frightful confusion. But instead of seconding Colonna with powerful masses, Malatesta fed the fight by driblets, until the skilful dispositions of Orange restored the balance. The battle then degenerated into a series of skirmishes, which closed with the day. The prince spent the next few weeks in quietly strengthening his entrenchments, and in watching the progress of events elsewhere, while the Florentines wasted theirs in idle processions, diversified by a few trifling skirmishes and a good many executions.

Meanwhile, the sieges of Volterra and Empoli were closely pushed. Ferrucci, in the former city, was greatly pressed for money, which he raised with some violence. He punished the revolt with an enormous fine, he forced contributions from the wealthy by torture, he seized the Church plate, and he sold the relics of the saints by auction. But all this he did for the service of the State. His worst enemies — and he had many bitter ones — allowed that he was as incorruptible as he was able.

Marmaldo sent a trumpeter to summon the town. Ferrucci dismissed this man with contempt, but threatened to hang him should he return. Marmaldo replied by a sharp assault, effected a lodgment in one of the suburbs, and then repeated his summons. Ferrucci kept his word, and hung the trumpeter in sight of both armies. Marmaldo as publicly vowed revenge for this and another cruel act that had just come to his knowledge. Ferrucci, who, it seems, had been badly treated by some Spanish soldiers in a former war, and who, therefore, had pledged himself to mortal hate against the whole nation, finding fourteen Spaniards in Volterra, had shut them up in a tower and starved them to death. Such cruelty, however, was not peculiar to Ferrucci. Little quarter was given by any side during this horrid war, and many deeds were done which drew down hideous reprisals.

Marmaldo, however, had to postpone the fulfilment of his vow for the present. His force was not equal to the capture of Volterra when defended by such a captain, so he abandoned the lodgment, and remained at observation until Empoli fell.

Giugna, the new commander of Empoli, like many another gallant partisan, was out of place in a beleaguered fortress. After a few days' defence he consented to a parley. This was the time of all others when it behoved a good captain to be vigilant. Giugna was not so, and during the parley the Imperialists broke in. A terrible scene ensued, in which Bandini, the victor in the recent duel, honourably distinguished himself by his efforts to retain the soldiery. Empoli fell on the 29th of May, and the disaster, which was soon known, greatly exasperated the Florentines. The unfortunate captains were all proscribed; Giugna's son, a child of eight, was beheaded! And as the niece of Clement, Catherine de Medici, afterwards queen of France, was then residing in a convent in the city, it was proposed in the council, by some to abandon her to the common soldiers, and by others to suspend her by a rope from the walls, and thus expose her to the fire of the enemy. There are not wanting annalists who assert that these atrocities were actually practised.

Another great sally followed on the 10th of June. It was as usual, ably conducted, by Colonna, and, as usual, deliberately spoiled by Malatesta. This failure produced more proscriptions and executions, mixed up with imposing religious processions, forced loans, and sales of corporate property. Immediately after the sally, Clement, for the last time, proposed to treat on easy terms, but the infatuated Florentines refused to receive his ambassador. Privations, however, began to be severely felt; for though the Florentines could raise money to any extent, now that Empoli had fallen it was no longer possible to introduce supplies. Yet still a large proportion of the citizens remained as presumptuous, as enthusiastic, and as tyrannic as ever. That extreme section, however, was soon shown to be far less numerous than it announced itself, or even than its victims suspected; for the reign of terror was shortly afterwards pushed to such a pitch, that the anti-revolutionists, in sheer despair, ventured to show themselves in open opposition, and were astonished to find themselves a positive majority.

From that moment the executions ceased, and the revolution was doomed.

A deputation from all classes waited on the government, pointed out the hopelessness of foreign aid, and the impossibility of continuing their passive resistance much longer, and demanded a prompt and decisive effort or peace. The deputation was openly supported by Malatesta and his troops, so the government was compelled to choose, and decided to make the effort. The plan was soon formed. Ferrucci was to take as many men as could be spared from Volterra, to move straight down to the coast, thence northward through Leghorn to Pisa, gathering reinforcements as he went. From Pisa he was to advance to Pestoijs; and thence he was to make a dash at Florence, whose garrison was to second him by a stupendous sally. Two men of rank volunteered to bear these orders. They traversed the hostile camp in disguise on the night of the 13th of July, and by sunset of the 14th were safe at Volterra. Their success was soon known at Florence. Nobody, friend or foe, doubted that Ferrucci would do all that man could do. And the next three weeks was a period of such unutterable suspense as beleaguered city has seldom known.

Ferrucci did not waste a moment in carrying out his instructions. He would have preferred another course—a dash at Rome, after the manner of Bourbon, which, if not successful—and he had laid his plans to command success—would yet compel the prince to break up the siege and follow in pursuit. Nor was he the man to be deterred by any scruple. He was one of the many high-class Italians whom classic studies, Christian corruptions, and the ferocious warfare of the period had reduced to downright paganism. Ferrucci, however, with all his paganism, was a man of men. At the word of command he gave up his own plans without a murmur, rose from a sick bed to make his arrangements, and marched ere sunrise next morning with fifteen hundred men on the desperate enterprise. Marmaldo followed hard on his track; but Ferrucci gained Pisa with greatly augmented forces by the 18th. At Pisa his unparalleled exertions threw him into a fever, which disabled him for a fortnight; and during that time Orange completed the precautions which he knew so well how to make.

Ferrucci resumed his march with four thousand men on the 31st of July. It

was nearly hopeless; but he was the slave of duty, and pushed on. On the night of the 3rd of August he encamped among the mountains of Pestoija. The spot is still known as the Field of Iron. A few miles off, on one flank, was a force equal to his own — with Marmaldo. More distant, on the other flank, was Vitelli, with a similar band; and the Prince of Orange himself was advancing on foot at the head of ten thousand men. Ferrucci knew his danger well. He had never expected to make his way to Florence without stern opposition; but he had calculated on the necessities of the siege preventing the prince from meeting him with any great disparity of force, and he saw at once that Malatesta, at least, was a traitor, and success beyond his reach. Even yet he might have escaped by abandoning his baggage and taking to the hills; but his orders pointed straight on, and the antique spirit of the man was not to be driven from the path of duty, though it led to destruction. Starting with the dawn on his last march, he pushed for the neighbouring town of Gavinina, determined to fortify himself there. But as he entered the gate on the one side, Marmaldo broke over the feeble wall on the other. The adverse hosts met, breast to breast, in the market-place, and for three terrible hours the battle swayed up and down the narrow streets. Marmaldo, though a splendid soldier, was no match for Ferrucci. The latter fought in the foremost rank — it was his custom in such emergencies — and he was well supported, for his captains and soldiers idolized him. Few, indeed, equalled his prowess, for Ferrucci was a giant in size; but all fought as became the followers of such a chief, and quarter was neither asked nor given.

Vitelli and the prince, apprised of the conflict, hurried to the scene. Philibert was seated in front of a tavern four miles off, at Lagone, when the news came. He called for wine, drank success, and rode off with his men-at-arms, followed, at a slower pace, by the infantry. At the bottom of the rocky ascent that leads to Gavinina, he met a party of Marmaldo's horsemen in hasty flight. The prince collected his immediate followers, rode through the fugitives, and charged up the hill, where Marmaldo was evidently hard pushed. Towards the top, the road narrowed between lofty banks, and the pass was swept by a company of Ferrucci's arquebusiers. The prince plunged fearlessly into the line of fire, and instantly fell,

pierced by a three-ounce ball. His body-guard fled, spreading the report that their commander was slain and Ferrucci victorious. This report reached Florence, and great was the excitement there. But no token of disaster was observed in the Imperial camp; and as night fell, the citizens noticed their own mercenaries packing up their goods and making other preparations ominous of retreat. Then the fatal truth was suspected, and a few hours later their worst fears were confirmed.

The prince, indeed, was slain, but the panic of his body-guard had extended no further. The rest of his troops came speedily into action, so did those of Vitelli, while Marmaldo's men, sadly shaken and terribly diminished, redoubled their exertions. All closed round the doomed Ferrucci and his band. They were reduced to the merest handful. Still the stubborn chief, though covered with wounds, continued the action; nor was it until the weapon dropped from his weary hand as he stood alone among his foes that he consented to surrender. His captor, one of the detested Spanish bands, endeavoured to shield him; but Marmaldo's vengeance was not to be baffled. The dying hero was led out, and, under the old chestnut-tree in the market-place, Marmaldo passed his sword through his breast. "Personally, I admired him," said Marmaldo, afterwards; "but I could not forget my trumpeter, and," he added, in the tone of a true pagan, "the manes of the prince demanded the sacrifice."

Even after this event there were men in Florence mad enough to think of prolonging the strife. These were the upstarts, who would lose everything by surrender, and the fanatics, who persisted in believing, to the last, that heaven would send an army of angels to deliver the city. But far more numerous were those who clamoured for surrender. The Imperialists, aware of these differences, chafed to storm the place. Malatesta, however, while encouraging division within, kept a shrewd eye on the army without, and held his mercenaries well in hand to repel any attempt at escalade. None was attempted. A few days enabled the peace party to overawe their opponents, and then the town surrendered to the pope. The terms, considering the period, were not severe. Severity, indeed, was hardly requisite. All things weighed — the waste of wealth, her ruined trade, the ravages of famine

and pestilence (for the latter had swept twice through the city since 1527), and the loss of such men as Ferrucci — Florence had suffered enough.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

III.

FOOD.

Who sent the food, and who the cooks, is a matter of history. A good cook is the black swan of domestic life; she is an epoch, an era; we date from her; we are ready to write her name in gold and sardonyx on sandalwood. "That was when Jane Stubbs was cook," we say, and memory casts a fond halo over the feats of that female *condon bleu*. Fate has been kind to France in the matter of cooks; French men and women are born with gastronomic and culinary perceptions. Given the poorest materials, they will produce a palatable and wholesome dish, at once appetizing and nourishing. "In France we dine," said an obliging Frenchman, sitting next to me at a German *table d'hôte*. "In Germany they feed." "And in England, what do you do there?" asked a somewhat splenetic German relative, to whom, in an unwarly moment, I had quoted the above epigrammatic remark. "I will tell you, *meine Beste*. You boil your vegetables in water, much water, and eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar. You know one meat, the *biftek*, bleeding; and one *Mehlspeise*, the *blom-budding*." I confess, being far from home and all its pleasures, the sarcastic enumeration of the delights of our insular table wounded me, and I lifted up my voice in feeble protest. But let this criticism temper the steel of our pen, and put a little milk and honey into the ink of our observations.

It was said by one of the ancients (I think Tacitus in his "*Germania*") that the Teutons were distinguished by having the largest volume of intestines of all the peoples of Europe (I feel a certain hesitation in quoting these words, which, writ in elegant Latin, might pass muster); but certainly no one who has lived in Germany can aver that the modern Teuton has degenerated from his ancestors in powers of absorption. Take, for instance, the every-day experience of a

table d'hôte, where gentle and simple are gathered together, and where the manners of the majority will impress themselves on the mind of the impartial spectator. Quantity, not quality, appears to be the motto of the repast; to eat, if possible, twice of every dish, to splutter over the soup, to seize the sauce *en passant*, to perform tricks of knife-jugglery that might strike awe into the breast of a Japanese adept; to lap up the gravy, to drink salad-dressing off knife-blades, to scour the inside of the dish and the platter with lumps of bread, to swallow breathlessly, and after a fashion that somehow suggests the swallowing is a mere preliminary operation, presently to be supplemented in leisurely ruminating hours; to fill up the pauses in the interminable ceremony by picking the teeth and the dingy dessert with alternate impartiality, is a picture so true as to be trite, and so unattractive as to be scarcely excusable, except upon historic grounds. Every one who has spent even only a few weeks in Germany must have beheld and suffered from such scenes.

It is not my intention to intrench upon the prerogatives of the cookery-book, or to give in any detail the list of German dishes with which I might easily furnish my readers. To speak otherwise than generally, in a paper of this kind, would be out of place; but we may be amused by noting the various points of difference and similarity between our neighbours' *modus vivendi* and our own.

There are three great characteristic divisions of German food — the salt, the sour, and the greasy: the salt, as exemplified by ham and herrings; the sour, as typified by *Kraut* and salads; the greasy, as demonstrated by vegetables stewed in fat, sausages swimming in fat, sauces surrounded by fat, soups filmy with fat. If we were to go into the philosophy of food, we should probably find that the salt gives the appetite for the grease, that the grease is necessary for warmth-giving purposes, as well as to supplement the absence of nutritive quality in what may be roundly spoken of as a potato diet; and that the sour acts as a digestive agent on the grease. The food of the lower orders in Germany is poor and coarse in the extreme: — thin coffee without milk or sugar (sugar is an expensive item, and is looked upon as a luxury; except in seaboard towns, white colonial sugar is unknown, the brown sugar rarely used and little thought of); black rye bread, which is always more or

less sour (being made without yeast); potatoes stewed in fat, with a mixture of onions, apples, carrots, plums, or pears; now and then a bit of fat pork with treacle; a mess of *Sauerkraut*; lentils, beans, and a piece of *Blutwurst*; mysterious entrails of birds, and beasts, and fishes that might have puzzled the augurs of old; *Mehlsuppe*, *Biersuppe*; cabbage boiled in grease, and a slice of raw ham. No beer for the women; no white bread. *Schnapps* for the men, distilled from corn or potatoes; a fiery, coarse spirit that would be disastrous in its effects but for the mass of food with which it is mixed. It has already been seen how domestic servants fare, the food in private houses being as superior to that found in the peasant's hut, as the table in an English middle-class kitchen is superior to the scanty meal of the underpaid agricultural labourer. In mountainous districts the people live almost entirely on milk, flour, eggs, butter, cheese, and cream. To taste meat is an event in their lives; nor do they feel the deprivation; for the pure mountain air, the fresh out-door life of the *Alm*, the healthy exercise of climbing and descending, of rowing across the lakes, and tending the cattle, makes them healthy, vigorous, and cheerful after a fashion unknown to, and impossible for, the dwellers in towns and cities. In proof of this we have not to go to foreign countries for convincing examples. We have only to look at what things may be done in a kilt, on "whusky and parritch," to be convinced of the important part fresh air and abundant exercise play in the matter of muscular development.

Let us begin in our survey with the first meal of the day, and see of what it consists.

There is no family breakfast-table as with us, where sons and daughters gather round the board, letters are received and read, newspapers scanned, and the great affairs of the world, as made known by telegram, imparted and commented upon. We look in vain for the damask table-cloth, the steaming urn, the symmetrical arrangement of plate and china that welcome us in the middle-class English household. No trim girls in bright cotton or well-cut homespun gowns; no young men, whose fresh faces tell of tubs and Turkish towels, are here to greet us. There may be a linen cloth upon the table (though even this detail is far from general), and there will be a coffee-pot, and a milk-jug, and a sugar-basin, set down

anyhow anywhere; a basket, either of wicker or japan, piled up with fresh *Semmeln*, perhaps a stray plate or two; a disorderly group of cups of different colours and designs; no butter; no knives and forks; possibly a plate with a few milk rolls, of somewhat finer flour than the ordinary, and the breakfast equipage is complete. The first comer (if a lady, in dressing-gown and cap; if a man, in *Schlafröck* and *Pantoffeln*) will help her, or himself, to coffee and rolls, probably eating and drinking like peripatetic philosophers, for there is no inducement to "sit down and make yourself comfortable." If it be winter-time, the coffee-pot and milk-jug will be placed on the stove instead of on the table, and the next comer will go through the same formula of solitary feeding, departing, as the case may be, for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar, or to supplement the somewhat scantily represented "mysteries of the toilette." The last comer will enjoy the dregs of the coffee-pot and the drains of the milk-jug on an oil-cloth cover or crumpled table-cloth, slopped with the surplage of successive coffee-cups, and besprinkled with the crumbs of consumed rolls.

The *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which is an institution in France, dwindles, so far at least as the ladies of the household are concerned, into a surreptitious shaving of sausage, or a sly sardine, partaken of in solitude and haste between the conflicting claims of the kitchen and the *Friseurinn*. The young (old or middle-aged) military heroes, who will probably represent the male portion of the household, will prudently "restore" themselves on their way home from drill or parade in a more substantial manner than that which suffices for the weaker vessels; thus relieving the much be-plagued *Hausfrau* from any more elaborate sacrifices on the gastronomic altar.

But though breakfast, as we have seen, may leave much to be desired, it yet contains elements of excellence not to be overlooked. *In primis* there are no cows with iron tails in Germany, and the rich pure milk makes the well-flavoured, if somewhat thin, coffee taste excellent. The sugar is beet-root sugar, and does not sweeten so well as the real colonial article, but is white and sparkling. The crescent-shaped milk rolls (*Hörnchens*) are crisply baked, and make it easy to dispense with butter; the *Semmel* in its fresh state is not to be despised, though, as the day advances, it becomes leathery

and tough, and at nightfall you will long for an honest slice from a good wheaten loaf. The sour rye bread, ranging from black to a light brown, is much condemned by some as affording little nourishment; nevertheless one may acquire a taste for it, and many persons declare that they prefer it to the tasteless insipidity of the white roll. In some parts of Germany you can get what is called "*Englisches Brod*" baked in small cakes; it is made of very fine white flour, with a mixture of butter and milk and a dash of sugar in it, that quite destroys any resemblance the name might lead you to expect. Bakeries are under government supervision; not only the weight of the bread, but the quality of the flour is tested; and as neither the day nor the hour of the inspector's coming can be calculated upon, evasion is almost impossible, and cases of adulteration and light weight so exceptional, as not to be worth quoting.

I shall, perhaps, surprise the prejudiced amongst my readers when I say that I found the *matériel*, as a rule, excellent in Germany. Bread, butter, milk, and eggs abundant. The market well stocked with fruit and vegetables of the commoner kind (several of the latter unknown to us might be adopted with advantage into our bills of fare). Poultry, as a rule, is poor, but cheap. Pigeons to be had for a few pence; game, in season, generally plentiful. No one who has ever tasted in a private house a German *Rehbraten* with cream sauce, will dispute its excellence; the claims of roast partridge with *Sauerkraut* (this latter not the greasy mess *table-d'hôte* dinners may suggest, but a delicately tempered digestive) to recognition have been acknowledged by the descendants of Vatel and Ude, for it is a dish to be found in every well-compiled French *menu* of the present day. What housewife would not gratefully hail the fact that she might buy a saddle of hare just as we buy a saddle of mutton, which, well larded and baptized with sour cream, is so mellow and melting a morsel that you might unhesitatingly set it *solus* before a king. The hare is never trussed and sent up to table with its long ears, lean head, and unpleasantly grinning teeth, as with us; if you buy the whole animal (and unless you want some small and *appétissant* addition to your dinner you will probably do so), the head will be taken off, the legs broken at the joints, and the interior of the animal will be utilized for the servants' dinner, forming a

dark and "wicked broth" called *Hasenpfeffer*, into the mysteries of which occult preparation I never ventured to pry, though frequently I saw and heard it partaken of with sounds of succulent approval in the kitchen. Sweetbreads, for which your butcher calmly demands ten shillings a pair during the London season, are to be procured for such a price as need not wound the conscience of the tenderest *Hausfrau*; veal kidneys (who ever knew how delicious a veal kidney could be until he partook of *Nierenschnitte*?) need not exercise your mind on the score of economy, nor need you even hesitate much about "caviare to the general," or *pâté de foie gras* to the particular. The tables of the world have recognized the merits of Strasbourg pies, Westphalia hams, Pomeranian goose-breasts, Brunswick sausages, Bavarian beer, Lübeck marchpane, and Hamboro' beef; no contemptible list of exportable edibles. Of the beef and mutton I cannot speak in glowing terms. Nevertheless they are to be had fairly good, and in the days of the small *Residenz* towns the reigning duke or prince would generally have his bees and sheep fattened after approved methods, so that with a little interest and civility, one could usually so far soften the heart of the slaughterer (*Schlachter*) as to have an English-looking sirloin and a mature leg of mutton as often as one wished upon one's table. In the same way there would be a poultry-farm or *Fasanerie*, where the doomed birds would be shut in little pens and "*genudelt*," à la mode de Strasbourg, for the royal or ducal table, so that a plump roast capon or pheasant was quite within the region of recurring possible good things. On a *chagné tout cela*, however, and doubtless such concessions are reckoned amongst the corruptions of the past. Veal is better in Germany than with us; and though at all times unwholesome and indigestible as food, forms a pleasing variety in the list of ordinary dishes that appear on the homely board. It is a drawback, to use a Hibernicism, that all the roasts (like those that did coldly furnish forth the Queen of Denmark's marriage tables) are baked. Yet, baked meat, well-basted and not overdone, forms a concentrated kind of food that use makes almost as palatable as the spitted joint, and seems to be making its way to popularity here. Pork is not a favourite dish on the tables of the rich; that is, not in its simpler form; in its more complex preparation pig is a

popular meat with all classes. *Schlachtwurst*, *Mettwurst*, *Blutwurst*, *Rauchenden*, *Leberwurst*, (this latter being pigs' livers, prepared like *pâté de foie gras*, delicately spiced and truffled) are only a few of the endless popular varieties of the German sausage. Ham is generally eaten raw, well smoked, and if presented at tea or supper, a little wooden platter and a sharp knife will be placed beside you in order that you may cut it into small pieces such as are used by cooks for larding. Taken in this way as a relish, the flavour is sweet and appetizing, but the uncooked state of the meat renders it tough (*sähe*), and involves more mastication than is agreeable.

Some years ago a cry went abroad of whole districts suffering from trichina; and in some parts of the country not only was the mortality alarming, but the sufferings of the afflicted so frightful, that government commissions with properly appointed medical officers were told off to inquire into the subject. The result was, that in every town a medical officer was appointed to certify the wholesome condition of all the pigs slaughtered before the butcher was permitted to offer the meat for human food. In this country, where pork and ham are not eaten raw, such measures are unnecessary. Unpleasant as the idea of such parasites must be, we know that the boiling would destroy their dangerous qualities; but in Germany, where uncooked ham is the rule and not the exception, and where the sausages that are eaten cold are invariably only smoked, the precaution is an emphatically necessary one.

Fish, except in seaport towns (and these are few and far between in Germany), is a scarce and doubtful commodity; the Elbe and Rhine salmon very inferior in flavour to our own, and *always* dear. When produced on great occasions, this fish is almost always served cold, encased in a sour jelly if whole, or accompanied by varieties of mayonnaise sauces if only portions of it are presented to the guests. Carp and tench, those muddiest of the fresh-water finny tribe, are spoken of with bated breath, as of delicacies fit for the table of Apicius himself; but they are generally so disguised with vinegar and complicated flavourings, that the mud may be said to yield to treatment. Not only are the salt-water fish very inferior to our own, but of infinitely less variety. No sloping marble slabs, sluiced with fresh water, adorned with mountains of ice

and forests of fennel; no piled-up lobsters in gorgeous array, splendid salmon, many-tinted mackerel, delicate whittings or domestic soles, colossal cod, ministerial white bait or silver sprats, will tempt at once your eyes and your palate; you will probably have to dive into an obscure shop, whence issues anything but invitingly "a most ancient and fish-like smell," when, in answer to your demands, a doubtful-looking marine monster will be pulled out of a mysterious tub at the back of the counter, with the remark, *Heut' giebt's nur Schellfisch* ("how unpleasantly," as Thackeray's schoolboy says of the monkies, "they always smelt"), or *Dorsch*, or *Barsch*, as the case may be. In the so-called fish-shop there will be all kinds of pickled herrings (these form the foundation of that most popular of German dishes, *Häringssalat*), bloaters (*Bücklinge*), small dried sprats (*Kieler Sprotten*), perhaps even pickled salmon and a pot of caviare may tempt you; for the love of Germans for every kind of salt and dried fish (perhaps in default of fresh) is apparently an appetite that grows by what it feeds upon.

I remember tasting in Mecklenburg a most dainty dish of dabs, or flatfish, smoked in nettle-smoke (this gave them a peculiar delicate flavour) and stewed in fresh cream; the accompaniment being a delicious kind of black bread, short and rather sweet, liberally bespread with freshly-churned butter. Very excellent, too, are pigeons braised and served with milk-rice; the rice being so boiled that each grain is distinct, and surrounded with the rich milk in which it has been cooked, so that it tastes almost like cream. This custom of serving rice, *Gries*, and different sorts of farinaceous food, cooked with milk, as we serve vegetables, with roast meat, is one that we might well imitate; we have the beginning of it in our bread-sauce with birds, but in Germany it is introduced in a variety of forms. Rabbits are rejected by the poorest as vermin, unfit for human food; by which means a cheap and not unwholesome dish, when partaken of occasionally, is lost to the labouring man.

Potatoes in bucketfuls, and prepared in fifty different fashions, form the staple of the food of the lower orders.

Dinner, which in Germany is often a painfully protracted business, lasting on occasions even three or four hours, is, in a general way, partaken of between the hours of twelve and two, according to the occupation of the master and the school-

hours of the children of the house. It is scarcely served in a more appetizing manner than the scrambling breakfast. There is a want of cleanliness, of order, of propriety; if I may say so, a want of dignity about the table arrangements that would almost suggest the total absence of any æsthetic feeling in those who sit round the ill-appointed board. The servants are noisy, the cloth is crumpled, the dishes are *slammed* down upon the table, the gravy is tilted over, the glass is miscellaneous, the knives and forks are put in a heap, the plates are not changed frequently enough. No crisp water-cress or curly parsley adorns your cold joint, or sets off the complexion of your butter; it is thought no solecism for every one to plunge his knife into the salt-cellar, or pick his teeth at table, to stretch across and reach for whatever he wants. Everything seems to be done in a hurry, and yet everything is served separately, so that there is nothing to distract the attention from the matter in hand. There is a sense at once of repletion and emptiness in a German dinner. Your stomach has been filled, but not fortified. You have begun with a soup which, mathematically speaking, may be said to represent length without breadth; this has been followed by the *bouilli*, or soup-meat, out of which all nourishment has been flayed, accompanied by a sour sauce, of *Morschehn* (a debased kind of mushroom), boiled in butter and vinegar; you will have abundance of vegetables stewed in fat or butter; sausages and lentils; some little dumplings called *Klöße*, compotes of cranberries and bilberries, stewed plums or cherries; a piece of roast veal, or a fowl (for roast read baked), with potato-salad, cabbage-salad, or *Sauerkraut*, and a *Mehlspeise*, this representing a rather better than average dinner in an ordinary German household.

At four o'clock coffee will be brought in; after which the master of the house will depart for his club, and the mistress will pay visits amongst her friends, until the time comes for the theatre. The family will not reassemble until supper, which will be taken between the hours of seven and nine, depending on the length of the opera or comedy, the days on which the ladies of the house are *abonnées*, and the various other family engagements and exigencies. This is a pleasant meal, resembling high tea. In many houses tea is served as with us, and though the flavour of it is very dif-

ferent from what we are accustomed to consider good, I confess I always hailed its appearance with satisfaction. Bread, butter, cold ham, sausage, tongue, hard-boiled eggs, sardines, cheese, and cakes, with perhaps a few additions and alterations if friends share the meal, represent a German supper, or *Abendessen*. Bordeaux, or beer, or the wines of the country, are generally taken by the men in preference to tea. Cigars follow; the ladies retire into the withdrawing-room, and at ten o'clock every one is in bed. All the housewives, as autumn wanes, lay in a goodly store of vegetables to last through the winter months, when nothing of the kind is to be procured for love or money. Potatoes are banked up in the cellars, cabbages, carrots, turnips, onions, are buried in layers of mould, whence your cook will extract them, uninjured by damp or frost, for the daily meal. Vegetables of the finer sort, such as French beans, peas, &c., are, as they come into season, preserved for winter use in tins, the process observed being a very simple one; the vegetables, with a little salt and water, are put into the tins, which are then hermetically sealed by a man who comes to solder them down; the tins are placed in another pan with boiling water, and if air bubbles rise to the surface when the water boils, you know that there is a flaw somewhere in the soldering; your man takes out the offending tin, ascertains where the defect is, and repairs it.

These tins of preserved vegetables may be bought now in nearly every English grocer's shop; but our simpler method of preparing their contents has not helped them to popularity. In Germany, where the flavour is aided by all sorts of spices, cinnamon, and nutmeg, sugar and butter, their flatness is much disguised, and they prove a welcome substitute for the real thing. Dried apples and pears and plums, which all take the place of vegetables, and enter largely into the ordinary domestic fare, are also bought wholesale for winter storage; and these with peas, beans, lentils, and rice, not to speak of *Gries*, *Grütze*, buckwheat, and other farinaceous sorts unknown here, afford a fair scope for variety in the domestic cuisine.

It will be objected that Germany could never have produced such fighting men, such deep-chested, loud-voiced, well-belted, straight-limbed, clanking, swagging, awe-inspiring warriors as she has lately shown the world, on a fare of veal,

vinegar, and chickens. Surely, these martial heroes, with the front of demigods and the endurance of Titans, show a valour, a high courage, and a well-fed confidence, whose muscularity speaks volumes in favour of the flesh-pots of the fatherland. "Wine to make glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance," sings the warrior-king, David, who himself belonged to fighting times and to a fighting race, and was able to appreciate the fact that an ill-fed body makes a lily-liver and a craven heart. We must have the healthy body if we are to have the healthy mind; we cannot expect doughty deeds without muscular development.

"Have you," said a learned Theban once to me, "observed (I am speaking as a physiologist) how inferior, in our country, is the woman-animal to the man-animal?" When a great physician, whose name is writ on the scroll of twenty learned societies in your own country, stoops to ask you such a leading question as this, you are bound not to take exception at the form in which he frames it, and to give him the answer he expects. "Well," he went on to say, "the cause and the effect lie very near together. Observe, how do we feed our man-child, and how do we feed our woman-child? You will say, pretty much alike. They start fair. The peasant mother nourishes both. The active life of our women of the lower orders circulates the blood, helps them to assimilate the vast quantities of food they take, and this, of course, is nutritious. The baby cuts its teeth; it is prompted to another form of food, and from this moment the paths of the man-child and the woman-child are divergent. The boy goes to school, skates, *turns* (many an Englishman might be astonished at the feats of young German athletes in their *Turnhallen*), makes walking-tours in his holidays, drills, marches, goes through his spring and autumn manœuvres, develops the muscles of a Hercules and the appetite of a Briareus. His active, out-door life, the oxygen he breathes, the fatigue he undergoes, the discipline to which he submits, all contribute to develop a strong straight body, to enrich his blood, and to help him to assimilate his food. The brain is nourished, the muscles are nourished, the organs become strong and healthy. Look at our young officers, and say if their appetites be not heroic. Observe that they eat with large comprehensive hungriness; they restore themselves

as they come from parade with a good basin of beef-bouillon, with a deep draught of Bavarian beer, with an orgie of oysters. Don't you remember Heine's "*Lieutenants and Fährdricks, die sind die klugen Leute*," who come and lap up the Rhine-wine and the oysters, that were rained down in a beneficial hour on the Berlin *Steinfloster*? My most gracious, those are the typical men, the coming men, the useful men. Their great frames and loud voices are the outcome of healthily active lives. What has your woman-child been doing all this time? She has been sitting behind the stove (*hintern Ofen*), sucking sugar-glums, and swallowing sweet hot coffee; nibbling greasy cakes in a stifling stove-exhausted atmosphere. She does not, as do your English ladies, ride, walk, swim, take what you call "the constitutional," garden, boat, haymake, croquet, enjoy all those diversions we read of in your English books. The grease that nourishes her brother disagrees with her; she has no digestion; her teeth decay; she spoils their enamel with vinegar and lemonade; she pecks at an ounce of exhausted soup-meat; she takes here a snick and there a snack; she becomes *bleichsüchtig*, she is ordered to take the air; she totters out on high-heeled shoes to her coffee *Kränzchen*; she sits in a summer-house and tortures cotton round a hook; she goes to the theatre; she passes from one heated, exhausted atmosphere to another gas-and-oil-heated one. How can she be hungry? How can her food nourish her? Is it a wonder that she has no chest, no muscles, no race, no type, no physique?" cried my excited friend. "Would the young man have been any better with such a life? And this is only the beginning of the story; between the Alpha of food and the Omega of planting new generations in the world there is a series of disastrous mistakes," said Dr. Zukünftig, presenting me with a pamphlet "On the Comparative Assimilative Powers of the Races of Modern Europe." I leave him in his professional enthusiasm, which led him into an eloquent and exhaustive verbal treatise on the complex causes of physical female degeneracy, together with a fine comprehensive scheme for the rehabilitation of the human race, by the abolition of gas-light, stove-heat, high heels, coffee, corsets, scandal, and chignons, since in this paper food alone may reasonably engage our attention.

Of the drinks of Germany not much

need be said. Rhine-wine and Bavarian beer are accepted liquids, and need no bush. But whilst upon the subject I may mention an institution, well worthy of emulation, in the little drinking-booths which, planted at regular intervals along the hot and dusty thoroughfares, offer you such welcome refreshment in the shape of sparkling waters, effervescing lemonade, and soda and seltzer-water, for a penny the glass, with any kind of fruit-syrup you choose added to the reviving and sparkling draught. It may be objected that in London such obstructive edifices would seriously impede the traffic and cause a block upon the pavement, and that shop-rent is too dear to admit of mineral water, ginger-beer, lemonade, and raspberry vinegar being sold at a penny a glass. That may be so; but the boon of these little temples of refreshment, where the weary wayfarer deposits his modest coin and receives a long cool draught in return that sends him on his way rejoicing, is not to be overlooked or denied. Very excellent and quite worthy its poetic name, is the fragrant *Maitrank* that one gets in the "merry mouth;" and not to be forgotten in the enumeration of dainty drinks is the imposing *Bowle*, for which nectar a vessel has been specially created and consecrated, and without which no convivial meeting or dancing-party would be held complete.

In many parts of Germany tea is looked upon as medicine. "Is, then, the gracious lady ill?" is no uncommon question, if by chance an irresistible longing should overtake you for the "cheering cup." It is only to be had good in Russian houses; but even here not always quite according to English taste. Some take lemon instead of milk with it; others substitute red wine; the tea is often scented; and I remember once having a pound of tea sent me which I was told cost three pounds sterling, having come overland, and been bought by the kind donor at the fair of Nishni-Novgorod, of which I will only say, that a little Vanilla boiled in hay would have pleased me quite as well.

Fruit, as we see it in Covent Garden, or in the shop-windows of Paris, is unknown in Germany. Perhaps the nearest approach to the superexcellence of which I speak may be found in the Hamburg market, but then the fruit is imported. Oranges, in the interior, cost twopence and threepence each, and even then are small, and of a very inferior quality.

Gardening is a science very little understood; the outlay of manure, labour, time, and so on, which is necessary to produce anything like perfection in trees, plants, or vegetables, would be looked upon as thriftless waste. The pears, apples, plums, and cherries grow almost wild. To dig about them and rake them, to produce varieties, and to improve by selection of earths and manures the standard stocks, seems an almost unnecessary trouble, since you can pull up the old tree when it is exhausted, and plant another in a different spot. Quantity, not quality, is what you want; and certainly if quality were presented to you at the fraction of a farthing more than its rival quantity, you would, on merely conscientious grounds alone, reject the former for the latter.

If ever the happy time should come (and I doubt it, short of the millennium) when our cooks will permit the young ladies of the household to learn how to prepare the food that *they* seem paid to spoil, I hope a Median and a Persian law may be passed at the same time to prevent these fair creatures from carrying the history of their culinary prowess and exploits beyond the dinner-table. Let a stand be made against the persistent talk of food that poisons any attempt at conversation where two or three German housewives are gathered together. The unction with which greasy details are discussed; the comparisons (specially odious, it seems to me, in post-prandial hours of repletion) of goose-grease dripping with bacon fat; the wearisome enumeration of mysteries connected with this dumpling, that sauce, or the other pickle, are a burthen to the flesh and a weariness to the spirit of any mere outsider grievous to be borne. Some of my best German friends were angry with me because I did not want to eat my cake and have it too. "We are not ruminating animals," I said, trying to make my feeble stand against this eternal talk of food; "and I don't care to chew the cud of culinary memories." But such an intellectual protest went down before the serried ranks of my opponents. Like the *Civis Romanus sum* of the old Romans, "I am a German *Hausfrau*" is the last pæan of pride which these patient spouses know; and what wonder if they resent your unwilling homage, and think scorn of a temper that is contented to leave the discussion of dinner to the table or the kitchen?

"Sir," said old Samuel Johnson, "give

me the man that thinks of his dinner; if he cannot get that well-dressed, he may be suspected of inaccuracy in other things." So he may. You don't think better of that man who boasts that, to him, the salmon is as the sole, the turnip as the truffle. On the contrary, you pity or despise his want of culture. You may put up with Lucullus and his lampreys, or Epicurus and his *suprême de volaille*; you will, perhaps, even smile indulgently on M. Gourmet's gastronomic reminiscences; but this is the poetry of food. You will, on the other hand, bitterly resent the process of it being forced upon you at all times and seasons. We may be sure that the honest, arrogant, tea-drinking old doctor would have been the first to put his conversational extinguisher on that man who should dare to dilate gluttonously on the food he loved.

Laughable, and yet characteristic, is the fact, that on returning from a dinner, ball, tea, supper, or *Kaffee-Gesellschaft* in Germany, the first question formulated by the non-revellers awaiting you at home will always have reference to the food. Former experiences in other climes will have prepared you for such frivolous queries as—"Well, were the A's overdressed, as usual? How did Mrs. B. look? Did the C. girls dance a great deal?" and so on. But strangely on your unaccustomed ear strikes the solemn question, unerring, ponderous, and punctual as a clerk's amen, *Na! was hat's gegeben?*—"What did you get?"

From The Saturday Review.

THE BIRTH OF A REPUBLIC.

THE spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity is commonly supposed to exert a soothing influence on those who witness it. But the unity of the Republican majority in the French Assembly is a unity which takes away one's breath. It is so overpowering, so demonstrative, so absolutely proof against argument, or abuse, or ridicule, that it is impossible either to criticise, or admire, or approve, or do anything else which implies judgment. We can only sit still and wonder. A fortnight since the breach between the fractions which compose the majority that has just done such great things seemed more impassable than ever. Each party thought itself betrayed. The Right Centre were indignant because the Left had amended their scheme; the

Left were indignant because the Right Centre had abandoned their scheme as soon as it had been amended. Rage at the failure of a coalition which has cost immense trouble, and mutual suspicion of treachery, are not elements out of which it is easy to build a new combination. The prospect seemed at least as unpromising as it had ever been, and how unpromising that was may be read in the history of the last two years. Yet in a week the project of a new union had been agreed on, and in a fortnight it has been carried through the Assembly without the sacrifice of a single detail. The leaders of the Left and the Right Centre came to terms upon the composition of a Senate, and a compact majority was ordered out to reject every alteration in the Bill. No one was put to the trouble of considering whether this or that suggestion was an improvement. The coalition was as pitiless in rejecting improvements as in rejecting alterations which were not improvements. It was the right policy to follow, because, if license had been given to a single straggler, in no matter how unimportant an amendment, the inch would certainly have become an ell, and it would have been taken by a great many stragglers without license. The leaders on both sides had thoroughly appreciated the situation; the marvel is how they contrived to make all their followers appreciate it with equal accuracy. The Right were driven nearly mad by this unexpected unanimity on the part of their adversaries. They had only lately convinced themselves that the Right Centre were capable of such iniquity as accepting the Republic, and even when this conclusion was at last forced upon them, it was accompanied by the consoling hope that the Left would never be induced to accept the same kind of Republic. When the new Senate Bill was produced it was so clearly the work of the Right Centre that this hope must for the moment have become certainty. The Right had only to drag a few Radical commonplaces into the debate, and the Left would inevitably be thrown off the scent. The Left had never yet been able to resist throwing up their hats whenever universal suffrage was mentioned; was it to be believed that they would show more self-control now? Accordingly it was on this line that such fighting as there was took place. Legitimist after Legitimist, Bonapartist after Bonapartist, taunted the Left with having deserted their principles, with having first voted

for a Senate selected by universal suffrage, and then contented themselves with a Senate elected by a very limited constituency. The Left either sat silent, or indulged in superior smiles, or playfully told the speakers that they were not in the least embarrassed by the inconsistencies thus pleasantly pointed out to them. M. Raoul Duval even introduced an amendment identical in substance with the very amendment which the Left had carried ten days before; but the Left had learned their lesson in the interval, and they voted as one man against their own proposal. The Duke of Rochefoucauld Bisaccia tried to draw them in another way. He declared that the Assembly was exceeding its powers, and that it had not been elected for the purpose of nominating life-senators. There was a time when such a speech from a Legitimist would have called volleys of applause from the Left, but the idea of limiting the powers of the Assembly had no longer any charm for them. They voted steadily against an amendment making all the Senators elective, and thus entrusted to the Assembly, which they have so often denounced as a usurper without even the excuse of capacity to govern, the business of choosing men who are to help to rule France for the terms of their natural lives.

This closed the sitting of Monday. By Tuesday, M. Raoul Duval and M. Brunet had prepared a fresh string of tempting amendments. The Senate Bill assigned to the Department of the Seine and the Department of the Nord the same number of Senators. Surely the Left would not refuse to give their darling Paris an exceptional distinction? So, perhaps, M. Brunet tried to persuade himself; but his proposal that the Seine should return six Senators instead of five was rejected without a word. Then came the most promising moment of all. If there is one point more than another upon which the Radicals might be supposed to be united, it is in detestation of the mayors appointed by the government. They are associated with the reactionary era of the Duke of Broglie, and they are still regarded as enemies who may prove dangerous at future elections. M. Raoul Duval proposed to cast a formal slight upon them. The electoral college which is to return the Senate is composed, among other elements, of delegates elected by the municipal councils, and M. Duval asked that mayors and deputy mayors appointed by the govern-

ment should be declared ineligible for this purpose. He might as well have asked the Left to proclaim Henry V. They had agreed to swallow the whole Bill, and they were honourably resolved to strain at camels no more than at gnats. M. Brunet, undismayed by his former defeat, again tried to introduce the principle of proportioning representation to population; but this too was rejected. M. Raoul Duval next took up the cause of the poor but virtuous elector. The voting for the Senate is to take place in the chief town of the department. How is a Radical elector who has no money to go half across a department for the purpose of giving his vote? His poverty will force him to stay at home, and to leave the composition of one of the branches of the legislature to be settled by wealthy Conservatives to whom a journey presents no difficulties. The obvious remedy is to pay the elector's travelling expenses, and thus, in one respect at all events, put poor and rich on a level. M. Raoul Duval must have had a momentary hope that this argument would not be wasted, but it was wasted all the same. Even M. Duval must have despaired by this time; but he was still ready to oppose the clause of the Bill which provides that Senators shall be unpaid. But the Left, after surrendering so much else, were not to be prevented from surrendering this also, and the most Conservative clause perhaps in the Bill was passed like all the rest. By Tuesday evening there was only one chance left for the Right. The Bill provided that the seventy-five Senators chosen by the Assembly should be elected by an absolute majority of votes, without any restriction as to the persons to be chosen. M. Delpit proposed that they should be taken from a list of one hundred and fifty persons to be furnished by Marshal MacMahon, and this amendment, unlike all the others, was referred back to the Committee of Thirty. If this had implied a willingness on the part of the Right Centre to adopt it, the Left might have considered the compact at an end, and have retaliated on the Conservatives by throwing out the Bill on the third reading. But the reference to the committee proved a false alarm. The clause came back as it went. A division was then taken on the Bill as a whole, and it was carried by four hundred and forty-eight votes to two hundred and forty-one. Thus by Wednesday afternoon France had secured a Senate. In another sit-

ting and a half she was to have a complete constitution. The Bill for the Transmission of Powers was taken up as soon as the Senate Bill had been disposed of, and was carried clause by clause in the same edifying manner. M. Raoul Duval tried to sow discord in this model majority by proposing to insert a declaration that the sovereignty of the nation resides in the universality of the citizen; but the Left could hear this fine-sounding principle openly challenged in the tribune, and yet vote against its introduction into the Bill. An attempt was then made to shut out members of the families that have reigned in France from becoming presidents of the republic. This was evidently aimed at the Duke of Aumale, and if it had been carried there is no saying what might not have been the effect on the Orleanist section of the majority. This was the last test the Left had to endure, and they stood it nobly. By five hundred and forty-three votes to forty-one the Assembly rejected "this law of ostracism and distrust."

After the Left had yielded so much, they might have been allowed to date the new republic from the 24th of February. But the Right Centre was unbending upon this point as upon every

other. The Left are to have a republic — thus much is conceded — but they are neither to christen it, nor to fix its birthday, nor to determine what it shall be like, nor to have any hand in administering it. The republic of 1875 is to be the Conservative republic; its anniversary is to be kept on the 25th of February, not on the 24th; it is to have a strong executive and a strong Second Chamber; its ministers are to be Republicans of the extremely mild type of M. Dufaure and M. Buffet. These are the terms on which the Right Centre have consented to unite with the Left, and it is the most extraordinary event in an extraordinary career that M. Gambetta should have been able to procure their acceptance. It is too soon to speculate on the future of this wonderful coalition; there are not even the materials for forming an opinion upon its past history. Two factions hitherto supposed to be irreconcilable, have agreed to take a house together. Each certainly wishes to be master, but which it is that expects to be master, and what grounds there are for such expectation, must for the present remain doubtful. All that can be said is, that as the Left have sacrificed most, they probably think that they have most to gain.

INTERESTING additions to our knowledge of the fauna of the Mammoth Cave have recently been made by Mr. F. W. Putnam, of Salem, U.S., who, as a special assistant on the Kentucky State Geological Survey, of which Prof. N. S. Shaler is the director, had great facilities extended by the proprietors of the cave, and he made a most thorough examination of its fauna, especially in relation to the aquatic animals. Mr. Putnam passed ten days in the cave, and by various contrivances succeeded in obtaining large collections. He was particularly fortunate in catching five specimens of a fish of which only one small individual had heretofore been known, and that was obtained several years ago from a well in Lebanon, Tennessee. This fish, which Mr. Putnam had previously described from the Lebanon specimen under the name of *Chologaster agassizii*, is very different in its habits from the blind fishes of the cave and other subterranean streams, and is of a dark colour. It lives principally on the bottom, and is exceedingly quick in its motions. It belongs to the same family as the two species of blind fishes found in the cave. He also obtained five specimens of four species of fishes that

were in every respect identical with those of the Green River, showing that the river fish do at times enter the dark waters of the cave, and when once there apparently thrive as well as the regular inhabitants. A large number of the white blind fishes were also procured from the Mammoth Cave and from other subterranean streams. In one stream the blind fishes were found in such a position as to show that they could go into daylight if they chose, while the fact of finding the *Chologaster* in the waters of the Mammoth Cave, where all is utter darkness, shows that animals with eyes flourish there, and is another proof that colour is not dependent on light. Mr. Putnam found the same array of facts in regard to the crayfish of the cave, one species being white and blind, while another species had large black eyes, and was of various shades of a brown colour. A number of living specimens of all the above-mentioned inhabitants of the waters of the cave were successfully brought to Massachusetts after having been kept in daylight for several weeks, proving that all the blind cave-animals do not die on being exposed to light, as has been stated.